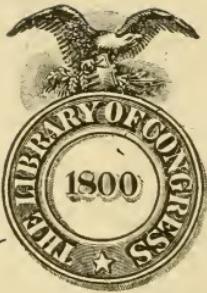


THE
FORESHADOWED
WAY
by
MRS HELEN ALDRICH DE KROYFT



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THE
FORESHADOWED WAY

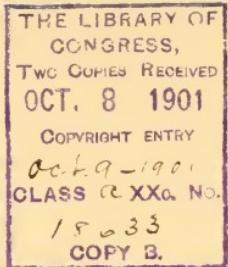
BY

MRS. HELEN ALDRICH DE KROYFT

*Author of "A Place in Thy Memory," "The Story of Little
Jakey," "Mortara," etc., etc.*

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TO THE MEMORY
of
MRS. COMMODORE SHUBRICK,
Washington, D. C.,

*This volume is most affectionately inscribed,
well knowing that so it go out into the world
mantled in the fault-covering garb of
the smile she wore, all criticism
will be powerless to harm.*



PREFACE.

THE story of a book must have been poorly told indeed, when a preface can add much to its interest; but along the pages of this volume there are so many references to a *phenomenal* experience that it seems only fitting to preface the book with an account of the phenomenon itself.

On a hill in the town of Lima, a little south of Rochester, stands a Seminary; and in the summer of 1843, toward the close of my last term there, at the hour of eleven, between the stroke of the bell that called me to class and the entrance of my roommate from hers, three or five seconds, the present, so to speak, dropped out, and with every sense barred to the outer world the soul in me was caught away into the future and made to look on myself—first, robed in white; then in deepest black, with a group of others also in black standing with bowed heads, the sun blazing down upon them, and water rolling up almost to their feet. Then, as by a turn of thought, I became that other self in black and stood overwhelmed with the world around me as black as night; then came the consciousness of going, or rather of being borne or wafted along through the darkness; then a pause, as it seemed, when lo! out in the distance the darkness began to take on a shape and rise up before me—a shape of its own, as apart from the darkness that enveloped me—an all-seeing, thousand-eyed shape that filled me with an indescribable fear; yet as by the double attraction of my

will to go and the shape to draw, I steadily approached the forbidding presence only to find its surface pressed full of tiny circlets of gold, whose creased edges were barely more than visible. Still, timid and fearful, I began to pick them out with my right hand and drop them into my left, and when my left hand was nearly full, with the thought: "Why! this is money," came the recollection of the one thing in the world that I had most desired to have done; when, as I went to drop another into my hand, I discovered that what I *thought of* had borne the others away. Then on, on through what seemed weary ages of going, going, I saw myself gathering those tiny circles, picking them out with one hand and dropping them into the other, only to see them spirited away by that one absorbing thought, until suddenly all the gold disappeared on the side of the gloomy old presence toward me—not a shining speck was there; but while I looked and wondered, quantities of a dark green material rose up in its stead, not at all filling the space the gold had left, but stacked up in it, lying all loose in lumps, rolls or bunches, and seemingly worthless. But taking them in my hands I saw that possession made all their edges flash golden; and despite the roughness of the way that followed and the sounds of alarm filling the air, on, on I wandered, everywhere intent upon gathering the dark green stuff, but never retaining it, it seeming merely to pass through my hands, the same as the gold had done; until at last, when weariness had weighed down every thought, and *endless* had long since echoed in every tread, all at once the dark green stuff also disappeared and the same vacuum as before lay spread out before me, the ground only or the base whence had sprung the dark green stuff remaining green. Then farther in toward

the heart of the gloomy old presence I saw countless golden squares or thin sheets standing on their edges, and so tightly wedged together that one would think it impossible ever to move them. The surface, too, of the edges seemed covered over with something that needed to be brushed away, which, while I looked, disappeared. Then up at the right-hand end of the long line of shining squares, some grew loose and one after another came out to me, myself seeming to draw or take them as by a kind of right. I stacked them in my arm, under my arm, then in the other arm; then I walked away with something like the pride of possession warming in my thoughts, saying to myself:

“Why! this is wealth—I can go now and have whatever I wish,” the gloomy old pillar-like presence that had so long overawed me with its gloom, no longer keeping pace. The way was more open, I moved faster and in a new direction, crossed water, and then on, until all unconscious how I had reached it I turned to look back and saw that I was standing upon a very great height.

“Why,” I said, “what a long, climbing way I have been coming.” Then turning as if to go on, such a sea of distance spread out before me as the mind in its natural state can never grasp, when suddenly in the great dome of night that bent above and around me, there came just above the horizon a far-off little break through which rushed, as I first thought, foaming waters; but as it came rolling toward me growing larger and larger, and I saw the clouds fleeing and the darkness melting away, as it broke over me I shouted:

“O, the light, the light!” through whose dazzling beams one form only met my gaze, and then in a twinkling all was the same to me as before.

My roommate, who was at the threshold when I started to rise, had only reached the table to lay down her books; and turning to her with all this weight of years upon my soul, I said:

“Where have you been?”

“Why! I’ve been to class—where do you think I’ve been?”

“But where have you been since?”

“Why, I’ve been coming. What do you mean—why don’t you go to your class—don’t you hear the bell?”

Surely, the bell that had dismissed her class and called mine was ringing in the air yet. I tripped down the stairs and entered the recitation room just as Professor Whitlocke was taking the chalk from the table to draw a figure upon the board; and as I looked at him and the faces around him it seemed really a thousand years since I saw them last.

Only a second gone, and yet in that flash of time I had waded through the shadow of all that was destined to be lengthened over the years of my life—and hence the title:

“The Foreshadowed Way.”

THE FORESHADOWED WAY.

CHAPTER I.

SIX SCENES.

New York, September, 1849.

IF mere politeness require that we sometimes write to those who have been kind to us, how constantly and forever should I be launching remembrances to thee, my good *Samaritana*, who came to love and bless when even the stars had deserted and all the world had passed away.

A truce, though, to the past, when every thought in my soul is burdened with the present, as I know yours will be when I tell you that right here this day the sixth scene foreshadowed in that vision at L—— has as literally transpired as is possible for a real thing to follow its shadow. You remember how it began: the bell struck and I was starting for class when the present dropped out, and the future, or what was to be my future, opened to my view.

Scarcely twice twelve moons had rounded upon the world after that fateful vision, when lo! behold me standing in a summer parlor with the carpet, even, covered with white, my betrothed pillow'd amid snowy draperies, and myself in snow white, holding out my hand to him in marriage, not knowing whether his fall from the carriage was to leave him yet many days, one day, or one hour even. It was the appointed time for our wedding, that in four little hours more death would have prevented.

Then mark! two days, and away out there by the

lake in a blazing July sun with the waves washing up almost to the feet of the dead, myself in deep black with a group of some twenty others standing with bowed heads around his grave—and tell me, was ever anything more literal than that for the first two scenes? And yet so overwhelmed was I by the reality that I did not see it. No, and when, not quite a month later, the third scene, the darkness, stole upon my life and I awoke but to find the world changed to night, it was so many times more overwhelming that I failed to recognize that also until some days after, a lady in the house to whom I had repeated the *vision*, came to my room and whispered:

“Don’t you see—the darkness of your *vision* has come to pass?”

Then I could not only see in the darkness the third scene, but recognized the first two also, and wondered how I could have passed through those three successive scenes of white, black, and darkness, without recognizing them. When the next or fourth scene, though, the being borne or carried along through the darkness, came to me in my journey from Rochester to this Blind Institute, first by cars and then by steamer, the sensation was not so new or strange, nor so overwhelming either but that, rocking down the river in my berth at night I recognized it and said to myself:

“Ah! this is that long dark way of being borne or carried along, just as it was in the *vision*.”

But now after three years of imprisonment within these gloomy walls, hearken while I tell you of the fifth scene, the scene wherein I myself was drawn nearer and nearer to the dark old presence rising up before me and filling me with such an indescribable fear. You will be astonished when I tell you that every

shudder of that fear I have lived through right here in New York just as literally as with this pencil and creased lines I am describing it to you. Letting music go, I seized upon the idea of making a volume of my own letters; but no publisher could be found willing to undertake my work without being secured for at least half of the first edition, which drove me to the necessity of seeking subscribers enough to bring the little book out, stereotyped and paid in advance—far too great an enterprise, you may believe, for one to embark in alone here in New York, without some days, and not a few nights, of very serious reflection, as the walks about these grounds and the walls of the old parlor yonder would bear me witness.

Ah! when the world is still and all are sleeping, how easy it is to be courageous, majestic even and grand, treading bravely on. When the world has awakened, though, and all her enginery of life is astir, then cowards flee while only heroes abide to take part in the great strife of life; and I came at last to pray the Lord to make me as courageous amid the noise and stir of the day as I was in the stillness of the night. At last, one bright May morning, I awoke with all fear of the world departed; not a touch of cowardice remained in my soul, and straightway seizing my card of slanted ridges, I wrote for myself the briefest prospectus possible, then dressed and hurried down to the superintendent's office to seek his opinion when he should come out from breakfast.

"Will you read this, Mr. Chamberlain," I said, "and tell me exactly what you think of it?"

"Certainly," he replied. And with the paper hardly more than in his hand, taking it all in, seemingly, at a glance, he exclaimed:

"Perfect, just perfect! and let me tell you no man with half a heart in him will ever read this without subscribing for your book. The trouble, though, will be to get him to read it."

"Oh! then the battle is half fought," I said, laughing; "for since I have persuaded Mr. Chamberlain so easily to run his eyes down over its crooked lines, I am sure when printed on the inside cover to a set of lovely little blanks, ruled for name, place, and money paid, no one will refuse to read it."

"But you haven't it printed yet," he said.

"No," I answered, "and with your permission, that is what I am going to ask you to get done for me, and have the kindness to trust me for it until the first dozen subscribers have written their names and marked them all '\$1.00 paid'—for as the prospectus specifies, you see they are to pay in advance, and trust me to bring them the book before Christmas."

Then folding the paper and putting it into his pocket, laughing the while at—I hardly knew what—he said, repeating and emphasizing my directions:

"Yes, you shall have the twelve copies exactly as you wish, twelve copies printed, lined and figured, and to be delivered precisely at one o'clock Wednesday next," asking teasingly: "Would one over make any particular difference, or a half hour more or less in any way affect the enterprise?"

"Yes," I said, "Mr. Chamberlain, the weal of the whole thing may just hang upon a half hour of that day."

You see, Eliza, the Board of Managers of the Institute, comprising some twenty or thirty of the best citizens of New York, was to meet that afternoon, and I had planned to wait upon them to head the list with

all their honored names written down together. The angels do help sometimes, surely, and the little prospectuses came exactly at the appointed time, beautifully done and bound in bright covers. Taking one of them in my hand, I said :

"Now, Mr. Chamberlain, my little enterprise wants just one more hallowing from you."

"What is that?" he asked.

"Why," I said chokingly, "the directors, you know, meet this afternoon ; they are all up there now in their room, and I want you to go up with me and introduce me to them, reminding them in the few words you will have to say, that I came here commended to their kindness by Senator Backus, of Rochester, leaving me then to plead my own case with the venerable body as best I may."

"I will do it," was his quick response ; and giving me his arm, we climbed the long, winding stairs—and I only wish you could have heard his graceful announcement of me there. Suffice it to say, though, his every word was like a prelude to the petition I had come to present. Indeed, I had scarcely more than named it, as it seemed, when the president arose, took the little prospectus from my hand, and passed it over to the secretary to read ; which done, the president said :

"Excuse us, please, madam, and we will act upon this in your absence."

When moments enough had elapsed for the soul in me to live out a thousand years of its own, the secretary, covered over with smiles, as though he and his compeers had been doing the loveliest thing in the world, came out to me, bearing in his hand not only the little prospectus with all their names written down, each marked, "\$1.00 paid," but a roll of bills also,

twenty-four in number. It was the good director, who since Mr. Dean's resignation has been my best friend here, but all I could say to him was:

"Oh! Mr. Wood, how surely the *greater* one is, the more indulgent always to little things."

But let me tell you, Eliza, what it cost me to go up there and wait upon that formidable body of directors and ask them to head my little enterprise for me, you can possibly imagine; but when with a young girl escort I came to literally approach the dark, old, thousand-eyed world everywhere bending above and around me, only One in heaven can possibly paint what the endurance of it was to my soul. Suffocating with fear and dread, often, often I have paused with my hand on the knob to a door, praying for courage to go in. Strange to say, though, many, many days had passed before it flashed upon my thoughts: "Why! this is what the being drawn into closer and closer contact with the dark, old, overawing presence meant in the *vision*."

So now, having fully reached the fifth scene, you are wondering when and how followed the next—that of the golden specks or tiny circles. But wait! After an absence of some weeks in the country, driven thither by the alarm of cholera, I returned; and beginning exactly where I left off, the very first one I waited upon paid me in the tiniest little speck of a gold dollar possible to imagine. Do you see?—during my absence from the city the Government coined millions of tiny gold dollars and scattered them over the land. And what, then, is getting subscribers here now, but literally *picking the shining little specks from the time-worn surface of the dark old overawing presence around me?*

Strange to say, though, I did not see in those shin-

ing little specks of gold dollars that I had really entered upon the sixth scene of the *vision*, so stealthily this, like the five scenes preceding it, has been translated into stern reality; and I might not have thought of it even now but for a little touch of circumstance that, like a magic key, to-day unlocked it all plain to my view: The papers have commenced announcing my forthcoming little book, with quotations from the letters already published; and coming this morning to a large insurance or banking house where a dear old Quaker gentleman is the president, I had to stand and wait for him a little, as the clerk said he was engaged with a meeting of the board. When he finally came—

“Ah!” he said, “I have seen a notice of thy little book that is to be, and I shall be very happy to subscribe for a copy.” He turned away to write his name, and brought back with him a little gold dollar, which he dropped into my hand, saying: “If thee will let me take thy little prospectus inside, I think I can get thee several more names.”

Hardly a moment had passed, as it seemed, when he returned with five more gold dollars to drop into my hand; then a little lot more of seven, until my palm was nearly filled with them, and I was saying to myself:

“How easy it is going to be to sell the little books when they are out, and do all that I should have done for those dear ones in that cottage home,” when, quicker than a thought could repeat it, I, myself, was looking on myself again, exactly as, five summers ago, I stood overshadowed in the *vision*, with all the little rounded bits of gold in my hand being spirited away, as it seemed, by those same thoughts shut up in my heart. As you can imagine, the sudden translation into real

life of that scene, once so mystic and unimaginable, was overwhelming; and when the dear old gentleman came back, bringing the little prospectus with him and three more of the tiny circles, I was trying to hide my tears. I could not prevent his seeing them, though; and supposing me, of course, weeping over my misfortune, he said kindly:

"A great sorrow has come to thee in thy young life, but 'as thy day so may thy strength be,' my child!"

My tears, though, were all tears of joy over this one more proof that, as the sixth scene of the *vision* is surely passing, so the remaining four must one follow the other even to the last, and the light break again over my way.

* * * *

To

Miss Eliza Hamilton,
Geneva, N. Y.

CHAPTER II.

VOICES FROM AFAR.

New York, September, 1849.

ONE has said: "They are our best friends who demand from us our highest." Then, dear Mrs. Hardy, thou art assuredly the queen of mine, since, at the bare thought of thee, my soul rises up and would fain put on purple, while my heart is complaining ever that I have not golden wreaths of thought knotted with *immortelles* wherewith to set thy name around, and something dearer and sweeter than *friend* to call thee by.

This is a dreamy half summer and half autumn day, and I fancy you going for the last time to sip from those joy-giving springs of old Virginia, making little pilgrimages to every crag and peak, and gazing long and lovingly on each mountain scene—something as the birds take leave of their summer homes, or as beautiful Eve turned reluctant from her hallowed haunts in Paradise.

One year ago we strolled for the last time amid the breezes by the bay and climbed the dear old hills of *Syosset*; we knelt together in the little church there, lingered by the little lake, drank once more from the Cocoa Spring, and quitted sadly the murmuring shores of the sea. You told me much that was in your heart that day, but what was shut up in mine, alas! I had

no words for. Indeed, I had not learned to whisper it even to myself without blushing or shuddering with fear, and how name it then to a very queen, rustling along in her silks, and talking of her proud and beautiful home where she says to one:

“‘Go,’ and he goeth; and to another ‘come,’ and he cometh.”

Yes, how tell you then, sweet one, that I had fashioned in my heart the plan of publishing a little book, the better to buy gloves and shoes and the much or the little that one needs? Success, though, makes one bold; and, now that it is so nearly done, I must explain to you that in the spring, when you were going to the mountains to attend tournaments and feasts, pace those gay halls and sip from sparkling cups, with a little prospectus in my hand, I came down the long steps of the Institution out into the dark world to solicit subscribers for a little book that I, myself, aspired to publish. The angels were with me though, and one touch of their white wings melted the coldest heart to kindness. In the hurry and bustle of business and amidst problems half solved, gentlemen paused, read my brief prospectus, wrote their names, paid their money, and often escorted me to the door, and saw me safely down the stairs, perchance directing my gentle guide where to find others as kind as themselves.

Now, dear Mrs. Hardy, I write you to please gather up all the missives I have troubled you with from time to time, and send them back to me. My little book is to be a collection of my letters; it lacks yet a few, and possibly you may have one or more in your keeping that you will allow me to give a place in it. You are surprised, I know, but, you dear one, I had to do something, and as ever so faint an efforff savors some-

what of virtue, better fail trying than never to have tried. The world, alas! is not so high that, like Heaven, it takes "the will for the deed;" but nevertheless "A book is a book," and mine will at least be something for me to smite the *heart rocks* of the world with along my wilderness way!

Oh! you can never, never imagine the imprisonment these gloomy walls have become to my soul, or conceive how I long to get out into the wide, wide world. Besides, as a German philosopher says, "The way to study human nature is through the keyhole," and although I may never more read books, I may yet study mankind even better than those who see. Enveloped in these clouds, myself will be a sort of probe to each heart while I go on measuring souls, weighing thought and feeling, or judging spirits by their voices, as some writer says the wise angels do. Oh! yes, let me go, let me go! Misfortune is its own protection, and with God and the angels above, and a little friend to guide the way, I may learn the lessons that I may never more read, and, perhaps, live the book that I could never write. But alas! my volume must first pass the ordeal of editors, and wait their praise or criticism to pronounce it verily a book.

Ah! the world! What terror is wrapped in that word, and how I have besought the Lord, night and day, to take the fear of it from my soul. But why so fear the world? Its pride is short-lived, and its pomp but a name. As the morning scorcheth up its beauties, so the world feeds upon its own glories and is gone. The world hath death in its memory, tombs in its heart, and is full of wailings. The world loveth not God; the world seeks no heaven, and has no altar where to weep. Ah! then, why not rather pity than fear the world?

Indeed, my gentle friend, necessity makes slaves or heroes of us all; and what though neglect or scorn rob one's cup a little of its sweetness, the draught, I ween, is not the less healthful.

Dear, dear Mrs. Hardy, that long promised month at your home is still in the distance, but like all shadows its reality must be somewhere; and if my book prove a sufficient success to warrant the course I have planned for myself, I shall ere long the more assuredly come to you.

It is hard to put some things into words musical enough for delicate ears, and I must leave you, my friend, for the present at least, to your own sweet conjectures as to the plan that I have planned for myself. Life, though, is a broken thing to me, and what is there left but to gather up the pieces and band them together as best I may—not to set it up, though, with the best side in view, as if to fain cheat myself or the world that it is the same thing as new! No, no, but to bear it on, on, giving thanks that no vessel is so homely and no life so broken or so overcast, but it may still hold the blessings and the mercies of God; and so mine be made to run over ever so little with good to others, learn to ask no more.

Alas! when one has digged a grave so deep as to hold the sun, the moon and the stars, all that is left one casts in easily. And here I begin existence anew; no more past, no more pride, and no more anything but to henceforth hearken for the voices from afar and watch the white hands in the clouds that beckon the way.

To

* * * *

*Mrs. E. M. Hardy,
Norfolk, Va.*

CHAPTER III.

THE WIDE, FREE WORLD.

New York, January, 1850.

OH! success—how beautiful! and victory—how proud when perched on banners so long trailing in the dust or drooping with fear!

The little book, “A Place in Thy Memory,” has at last a name and a place in the world. When it went to the publishers my heart stood still with fear, and I hardly dared to kneel and pray lest I should be asking of Heaven something more than it could give. Imagine my joy then when it came forth so covered with blessing that pens set only to criticism turned all their lines into praise. Reading a part of it, though, pity may have so blinded their eyes with tears that they could not see the faults in the rest. Besides, being dedicated to you, dear Mrs. Nott, was of itself enough to shield it from everything but praise. Anyway, the little book has so far escaped all those terrible criticisms whose prerogative it is to slay and leave one yet alive.

The *Courier and Inquirer* made the first notice—called it a “gem of a book.” The *Herald* and the *Express* announcements I failed to get. Mr. West, of the *Commercial Advertiser*, said, “We bespeak for this charming little volume a universal circulation;” and ends his long, beautiful notice by complimenting

"the authoress" almost more than he had praised the little book.

Wishing to speak with the author of "American Poets," I took a copy to him myself. He had already received one, though, from the publisher, and written a review, every line of which is as grateful to my soul as must have been a song of their native land to the captives of Israel. He calls it "a heart book," applauds the quaint tenderness of its style, marvels at its chaste Anglo-Saxon, and finally closes with that passage from the preface, with which nearly all the others begin—"In one short month a bride, a widow, and blind."

The *Tribune* accords to the little book "a style of its own," quotes from it, even, and then sends it out into the world covered all over with praise like the following: "These interesting letters breathe throughout a spirit of cheerfulness which is equalled in fascination only by the exceeding beauty of the language in which the entire volume is clothed."

The Mirror, though, met the shades of melancholy where the *Tribune* found only the "spirit of cheerfulness," doubtless because editors read through such different glasses—"These letters are not inappropriately numbered with those plaintive 'voices of the night' which make up 'the still, sad music of humanity.'"

The *Journal of Commerce* editor embodied so much in his first sentence that he might well have ended there and said no more: "This book indicates a high degree of refinement of feeling and of cultivation of mind." Mrs. Buckley clipped the following from a Boston paper, sent her by Mr. William R. Deane:

"This work is no fiction from the flood of literature now upon us, but a true and peculiar phase of real life;

and we feel that we hazard nothing when we predict that

*"As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes,"*

this volume of letters and the name of its unfortunate and heroic authoress will have a place in the world."

And so they have gone on, on, breaking praises upon my one little ewe lamb of a book that I thought the world would hardly condescend to notice at all. But the drollest comment was from a Scotch gentleman, who subscribed for a copy, and said when I met him:

"Ye write like a bag of snakes—coilin', coilin', an' one never knows where ye're comin' oot."

Another from an Elmira editor is a jewel: "In 'A Place in Thy Memory,' Mrs. De Kroyft has given expression to some of the finest conceptions in the English language."

And now in addition to all the rest, I have a letter from you here, dear Mrs. Nott, not only covering the little book all over with praise from your pen, but hiding all its faults under a line of benediction from the good Doctor even. Would more of my early letters sent from this Institution, could have been returned in time; but I shall have them for some future edition. Mr. Raymond said in his notice, what has become to my heart verily "an apple of gold in a picture of silver": "Whoever purchases this book will not only receive the full value of his money" * * *

"The full value of his money." Ah! that has a ring of *quid pro quo* in it. Do you see?—so much for so much. It is an oracle which unbars the gates to this Institution, and opens up before me the wide, free world.

Altogether, this first month of the New Year has been a glad, happy moon to me, and I just rise up and kneel down whispering thanks, thanks. No heart has a right to stay always in the grave with its loved and its lost, and mine has done weeping by the empty sepulchre from which the heavy stone has been rolled away and the angel risen and gone! All true souls, too, should have enough of God in them to live in the light, albeit the sun hides himself behind the hills, and the day no more breaks upon the world. The Lord and my soul and I have at last settled it all about the darkness in these eyes; and how I bless Him for that wondrous command:—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Indeed, the little word "whatsoever" seems to have been inserted expressly for me, as much as to say:

"Stand not idle, thou *would-be worker* in my vineyard, waiting for something more worthy or more delicate or more pleasing to do, but *whatsoever* thy hand findeth to do, *that do with thy might.*"

Oh! I could just spread out my arms and give thanks for the fullness of this day, even as did Solomon of old over the completion of his temple. And pray what is that to me but a temple wherein all my bereft being takes refuge, and I find not only something to do, but the courage to rise up and go forth to do it?

The publishers opposed my taking the little book from the trade, as it is having a "fine run," they say; but thanks to the providence that drove me to seeking subscribers for bringing it out, no one now can say me *nay*; and I am going out into the great dark world with something shut up in my heart to do with it, almost more beautiful than it would be even to see again. After settling up with the engraver, stereo-

typer, and publisher, and paying for as many copies as I had obtained subscribers for, I had a sum left that it seemed could have come to me only by some sweet miracle, like unto that of "the loaves and the fishes." Mr. Dean styled it "profits" from my "unique enterprise," and thought it should have been more; but holding it in my hand and counting it over in my thoughts, my clouds grew luminous with the lights I saw new-lighted in one cottage among the hills of the Genesee. Clouds illumined cease to be clouds, and mine have in them the sweet Pleiades even, since that number of father's *babies*, as he calls them, are smiling over their desks this morning in "the city of schools"; and, ah! to keep them there now until all lovely accomplishments have clustered in their lives will be joy enough to make sunny the darkest lane, even, of that long wandering way, you remember, foreshadowed in the *vision*.

Now you see how it is all settled about the darkness in these eyes; and how it is, too, that I am done mourning and weeping—I have something to do. It is no great thing, surely; but there is One in heaven who loves to bless little things even more than He does big ones. You know how He once lessened down the armies of Israel until they sat encamped over against the hosts of Syria "like two little flocks of kids." Just so now, *all lessened down*, I am going out into the great, dark, lonely world with the little books—to Washington first. The gentle Minnie, who has helped to distribute them to all those who so kindly subscribed, is coming along with me for one year, and I am glad I am going. The way will be sometimes very rough and very dreary; kindness will seem frosted from the world, and heaven too far away to pity or to hear. But I

know how to shut down the eyes of my soul then, and pray and trust and smile when my heart is bleeding. I have done that here in New York already thousands and thousands of times over, and come out all the stronger and wiser and better.

* * * *

To

*Mrs. Dr. Nott,
Union College,
Schenectady, N. Y.*

CHAPTER IV.

SOMEWHERE OR SOMEHOW.

New York, January, 1850.

THIS is a sort of *Passover night* with me, Mary, my last within the walls of this gloomy Institution, and as if to give me the pleasure of sharing an hour of it with you, some pitying angel brought me your address to-day.

It seems hardly possible that nearly two thousand miles of valley, hill and prairie have widened between us since the Fates seized the oars to the barques of our lives and drifted them asunder—yours far out to an Utopia of balmy skies and flowery fields, while mine, headed adverse, came quick upon a maelstrom of night.

The engagement with Madam T——, four recitations daily, and one for myself, in whatever language or on whatever instrument I might choose, proved all that it promised; and lest my Italian should somewhere encounter a criticism like unto that from the *Prince of Como*: “and such Italian”—for the autumn term I joined the class of Professor M——; then discovering in the library an entire set of Rollin in their *belle originaire*, I devoted the long winter evenings to the ancients until, tiring of their grave doings and graver non-doings, I took up music again, that always neglected part of my education. So, having “the chariot wheel employment” four hours of each day, and filling

up the interims with alternate practice and study, the moons went on waning and coming until rosy June warmed once more upon the world and wreathed and festooned it with flowers. Then my William, having become a veritable M. D., and been some time practicing, proposed for our wedding a day in July, Judas month of the year. The day dawned, though, as fair as need be, but when the time drew near that was to watch our two lives blended into one, instead of being led to the altar leaning upon the strongest, dearest arm in the world, robed in snow white, I met my betrothed pillow'd upon his couch with more of the light of heaven beaming in his eyes than of earth. A fall from a carriage had brought him so low; but when the hour and the moment had arrived for the fulfillment of our vows, with good Mr. Seager to officiate, we pledged our lives and our souls to each other.

Ah! Mary, think what your William was to you the day he came to claim you for his bride, and you will not be surprised that with my hand and my heart I pledged my life also to one long day of waiting, waiting, waiting. And how little a thing, too, that seemed for me to give to him then compared to the joy of his whisper to my heart just once: "My bride, my wife, my Helen!"

Alas! the sun that was never to rise upon our wedded life was forbidden to go down upon it also; and as the day went out, the lips that first set my name around with love were still in death, and the eyes in whose smile my life was to have rounded like a dream of joy, were closed upon the world forever. What passed in my soul that day, Mary, only God can know; and all the days after until at last, when my poor, baffled heart had spent itself, and, like a sobbing child, I lay sleeping with

the hot tears still burning on my checks, the angel of destiny came and stole away the light from my eyes, and I awoke—no, no, call not that *waking* which brings with it no morning and no day. Say, rather, that *the I, or the me that was, died then*, and another *I* or *me* stood forth in this new strange existence shrouded in perpetual night.

But to go back still farther, Mary. Do you remember the evening in the Lima Seminary, when, after prayers, I coaxed my roommate, Carrie, to go and sleep with Libbie, and let you come and pass the night with me; and after locking the door and drawing down the curtains, I crept up close beside you and told you all about a *strange vision of darkness* that had swept before my spirit-eyes that day just an hour before noon; and although only a second in passing, had left upon my mind the weight of centuries? You remember it, I know; and let me tell you—

Two years after, when my William had been but a month gone, and I was to leave Rochester early the next morning, bidding the ladies, in whose house he died, and with whom I had been stopping, good-night and good-bye, something one of them said brought that gloomy *vision* all back to me like a flash. I spoke of it, and then yielding to their entreaties, I sat down and repeated it all, marvelling as I went on, at the accuracy with which my memory had treasured its minutest phase. Then I went to my room, and after running my eyes over a copy of William's obituary, which a friend of his had brought me that evening, printed on white satin, my lamp going out, I turned back the blinds, and sat down by the window while the solemn bells rang off the hours: eleven, twelve and one. Then I lay down, but soon rose again, fancying that I heard

the rumblings of distant thunder. But the sky was still clear, promising naught but brightness on the morrow. Meantime, the bell tolled slow and solemn *two*; and then, folding my shawl closer about me, I lay down again, leaving the curtain drawn and the window up. So I slept and awoke as I have told you above, only to go forth and wade through, or live through, all the gloomy scenes foreshadowed to me in that fated vision.

My father had no longer the lands and the home that grandfather left him. He had become poor, and could I go back and add one more to the nine already depending upon his care, and, dear, sweet mother besides? Doctor Backus, of Rochester, was then State Senator, and through his kind intercession I gained admittance to this institution, thinking in time to become an organist. But to my joy, I found among the inventions for the blind a very available means of writing, and straightway began to write my soul out in letters, which were not long finding their way not only into the papers and periodicals of this country, but some of them were copied into the papers of England also. And now with this I send you a little book of them, Mary, which is just being announced to the world, entitled, "A Place in Thy Memory."

I used to tell you that I ought never to marry, but go and help my dear father educate all my younger sisters. But love made me too selfish for that. I went my own way, and you see how I came out. Now, though, I am going to do what I should have done in the first place: live, as far as in me lies, to make their lives beautiful; live to plant step-stones whereon they may climb to the purple clusters that once I thought only to gather for myself, and I leave to-morrow for

Washington. The editors of New York have already introduced me and the little book to the editors there. I have a precious package of letters, too—one to Senator Houston, of Texas; one to our Senator from New York; one to the chaplain of the Senate, and, besides, one, worth all the rest, to our grand old Roman of Kentucky, Henry Clay, as well as several to distinguished ladies. So with the little books, a sweet attendant, Minnie, and the angels to lead, I am actually going forth to the wanderings foreshadowed in the *vision*, in which, you remember, what I wandered to gather or gathered as I wandered changed three times. First came the shining specks or bits of gold—and what were they but the little gold dollars being issued by the Government now? Do you see?—if the last two scenes of the *vision* prove as real as so far six of them certainly have, then somewhere or somehow before I die I am to be both very rich and see again. Put that down in your heart, Mary, and never cease praying for me until some day in my wanderings the good angels set me down by your far-away prairie home.

I go first to Washington, then on to Charleston, and then away West, away North, and away everywhere. Something like Paul's strait of "necessity is laid upon me," and I must go. Indeed, I could not stay if I would.

The sweet Minnie, who has engaged to share my wanderings for a year, is sleeping here in my long, white, slim bed, crawled away at one side, expecting me to come and lie down beside her. But having your ear to-night, Mary, I must make a sort of wrestling angel of you, nor let you go until the morning breaks and I have told you *all about it*.

Hark! it is morning already—the night is ended.

Oh! so, ere long, the long night that has swallowed up my young life must end also. Meantime, I go wandering up and down the world, linking about my soul lessons from God's great open book of human life; go to turn its immortal leaves, alternate damp with tears, glittering with joys and blotted with woes; go to read with shut eyes, pausing to con over its living, breathing, and ever-varying characters as one finds them smiling in palaces, pining in garrets, and waiting by the corners of the streets.

Alas! that doleful bell, that has so often awakened me from dreams of the beautiful bygone, rings now while the gates to all the past are closing heavily behind me; and with this early dawn, sweet Minnie, the little books, the Lord, the angels and my soul and I are going forth to return to these gloomy walls no more, nevermore.

* * * *

To

*Mrs. Wm. Weld,
Illinois.*

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST DAY OUT.

Washington, January, 1850.

Not more to relieve your solicitude, Mr. Dean, than to gratify my own heart, I hasten to acquaint you of the safe arrival and pleasant reception of sweet Minnie, the little books and myself at the capital.

Desiring to stop at the National Hotel, we took conveyance there and climbed the stairs to the reception rooms with some fifty others, only to hear the gentlemanly landlord affirming over and over to one and another that there was not a vacant room left in all his house; and that he had scarcely had a place to sleep himself the last two weeks, so great had been the rush to the capital since the holidays.

Then sitting there by ourselves, how hopeless and helpless Minnie and I seemed compared to the ladies all around who had husbands or sons or brothers or somebody with them to go out and seek pleasant quarters, while they did nothing but sit there and wait and chat and laugh and be gay. Presently, however, leaving the rest, the pleasant landlord came over to us.

“You are alone, ladies?” he said.

“Yes,” I replied, “and the more sorry that we are not able to get even ever so small a room with you.”

“Not more sorry than I am,” was his reply. “It

is our misfortune that we cannot accommodate all who come. But please be seated," he said, "and give yourselves no uneasiness. I make it a point to send out and find places for ladies who come to me unaccompanied by gentlemen, when unable to accommodate them myself." Thinking now that much might depend upon his favor, I said:

"In place of an introduction to you, sir, please let me show you at least the names of those to whom I have the honor of bearing letters"—at the same time taking from the pocket of my mantle that blessed little package from you, Mr. Dean: the first to Mr. Clay; then, Chaplain to the Senate; Mrs. Commodore A—, and so on, and so on. He glanced at them, and smiling, handed them back to me, saying quickly:

"These are all right; some of them residents of the National, I see, and I shall try to find you a place as near here as possible." So he left, but was hardly out of the room before Minnie, pressing my arm, whispered:

"Why, how did you know to do that? Why, that was just the thing. You should have seen how smiling and pleased he looked when he handed them back. We shall have a nice place now, you *see!*"

Twenty minutes had hardly elapsed when the clerk entered, and coming over to us the first, said:

"Ladies, I have found a very pleasant room for you at the United States, where are stopping some twenty southern Senators and their families this winter;" and taking the satchel from Minnie, he led the way.

We were presented to the proprietor, Mr. Fuller, and shown up to our room at once, which the maid was hastening to put in order. After her departure the fireman still lingered, brushing, rattling about, taking

off the blower, and putting it on, meantime giving us a running account of all the people in the house.

"Why, miss," he said, "I tell you de trufe. De National hab all de floatin' an' trash like; but de real astocracy ob de Senate an' de Navy an' de press am stoppin' in dis yere house, as dey allus does. Why, dars fo' gov'nors yere an' dere fam'lies; an' dars Mr. Heiss—he's de editor ob one of de grandest papers in de city—de *Globe aw Republic*, dunno which. An' yer's right on de flo' yere wid Commodore Moore an' his lady; dey is from Texas; an' Gov'nor Morehead ob de Senate, he's from Kentucky." Finally imagining that it was a fee our man was laboring for, Minnie gave him something, and we were left alone to congratulate ourselves upon finding our lines so delightfully cast.

"Such a pleasant room," Minnie exclaimed, "two large front windows, inside blinds, and lace curtains even. We are right in the center of the city, too, so convenient to every place, and so near the National."

"The good angels have surely cared for us beautifully so far," I replied. "The good angels!" she said, "I am glad you believe in them, for they have been my friends all my life. My father died when I was only six years old. We were living near two dear old Swiss people. The gentleman had been a professor in a college, and they promised to educate me beautifully; so mamma left me with them while she went away house-keeping, until an uncle got rich in the West and bought her the place where she lives now."

"Then that is the way you came to speak French so lovely," I rejoined.

"Yes," she said, "and the way, too, that I came to believe in the angels. The dear Madame used to tell me when she put me to bed that a black one and a white

one were always stationed by my pillow until I went to sleep, the white one waiting to see if I would repent and be sorry for all the naughty things I had said and done during the day, and if he saw that I was sorry, he blotted out all the account he had made of them and smiled and went away to report only good of me; while the black one grew more black and went away too, leaving me alone to the sweet guardians of the night."

So Minnie was chatting on when the baggage came up, just in time to dress for the four o'clock dinner. Descending the stairs to the dining-room, we met the landlord at the door, who escorted us in, and after seeing us seated, Minnie, although busy looking over the bill of fare, observed that he went over and spoke to one and another of the ladies, lingering longest with one of the most elderly.

"He is telling her, doubtless, that I do not see," I said.

"Yes," Minnie whispered, "that is it, and she is raising her glass to us already. She looks kindly, though, and I like her for all she is so proud, and not pretty at all."

Minnie's sweet eyes have the happy trick of seeing while seeming not to see, and not a face was turned toward us, it seemed, that escaped her nicely discriminating glance; and aided by her running undertone comments, added to what I was able to read from the voices, laughs, themes of conversation, and so forth, the dinner was hardly half over before all that choking restraint with which I entered had melted away.

Leaving the dining-room, seeing the ladies all moving toward the parlors, Minnie suggested that we go there too. After a little she left me and went up to write a line to her mother, as she had promised to do the moment we should arrive. As the ladies one after

another continued to enter, Mrs. Senator Bell, of Tennessee, walked straight over to me. I felt that she was coming, knew too that she was the one who raised her glass, and as she drew quite near, I instinctively arose and put out my hand to her.

"Why!" she exclaimed, taking my hand in hers, "Mr. Fuller just told me that you do not see."

"Which is very true," I said, "except the shadows that envelop me."

"Why, how strange!" she replied, "and your manner is so graceful and easy."

"You are very kind to think so," I said, as we sat down together on the sofa.

"No, not at all; but some way my heart is always drawn to the blind, and I had a great deal to do with making the State of Tennessee build an institution for them," she was saying, when Mrs. Senator Dawson, of Georgia, came over and joined us—a sweet, timid, loving little lady, who seemed to bear in her smiling presence all the sunshine of her State. Presently Mr. Dawson entered.

"Come here, my dear," his little wife called. Mrs. Bell introduced him, and while he was drawing up an armchair for himself, Mrs. Bell left and returned with Senator and Mrs. Morton, of Florida; then came Mrs. Willey, and Mrs. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, Mrs. Morehead, of Kentucky, and so on, and so on, until, before Minnie came down again, I had not only been presented to many of the ladies of the house, but to several of the gentlemen, and had a group of them sitting around engaged in animated conversation, the theme being chiefly, of course, the dark life and how one so young and thrust into it so suddenly as I was had learned to bear it so well.

"See," said Mrs. Bell, "what a rebuke this lady's cheerfulness is to us all."

"Yes," said Senator Dawson, "and she shows us, too, how perfectly mind is able to triumph over the material, by making her other powers do the work of the lost one. It is doubtless by the delicacy of her hearing that she is enabled to turn her eyes so exactly to the one who speaks to her or whom she addresses."

So the conversation went on until the gong was sounded, and Mrs. Bell gave me her arm to the tea-room.

"I am going to take you over to my corner," she said. "My husband is at the Capitol, and will not be here. They have a night session, and at this meal I allow the children to sit around with their friends wheriver they like, so we will have a cup of tea quite by ourselves." We were hardly seated when she said:

"I am glad you have come to Washington. Indeed, I have met no one this winter whose acquaintance it has afforded me more pleasure to make, if only on account of our institution in Nashville, which I have been so much interested in, and am trying to do so much for, and against such immense opposition, too, all seeming to say: 'It will do no good; it will do no good.' Now, you were educated before the loss of your sight, and you have since had experience enough in the New York Institution to know exactly what the blind are able to attain to, and what should be done to assist them to reach the utmost of their abilities."

"Ah! that is it, Mrs. Bell," I said, "exactly what *should* be done to enable them to attain to the utmost of their abilities, the utmost of their abilities being, in my opinion, nothing less than the acme of all that man or woman has ever achieved, intellectually. Indeed,

being forced to live wholly mental lives, why should not the greatest scholars and sages of the world arise from their midst, so only their advantages were of the right kind or wholly adequate to their needs?"

"Exactly," she said. "I believe every word of that; and hence it is, you see, why I am so glad you are come to Washington; you will do so much toward creating a fresh interest in your class, and I shall be proud to introduce you to all my friends. I know nearly everybody connected with the Government, from the President and his Cabinet down."

"That is very, very generous, and very, very kind of you," I said, "but I fear all the distinguished people you speak of will take very little interest in me. Indeed, I did not come to Washington expecting to be invited across any of its brilliant thresholds socially."

"Oh!" she said, "then you have some petition, perhaps, to present to Congress; if so, I can serve you there as well, if not better, than almost anybody in Washington, for I know nearly every Senator and Member."

"No, no," I replied, laughing. "You are mistaken again."

"Well, just see here then," she said, laying her hand firmly on my arm, "I resolved long ago never to die of curiosity; just tell me—what did you come to Washington for?"

Then I told her all about the little book, "A Place in Thy Memory," to whom I had letters, and what the editors had promised; and more still, that five hundred of the little books were already in the city.

"Good!" she exclaimed, "I can sell that number for you myself—but hold! is it Abolition?"

"No."

"Politics?"

"No," I said, "the little book is largely my own life, only written in what they call poetic letters instead of chapters."

"Ah! well then," she said, "it must be sweet and lovely like yourself. I will take twenty numbers to begin with, and I know twenty more in this house who will do the same." Then, sitting back in her chair as if surveying me or looking the matter over—

"Upon my word, that is splendid," she ejaculated, as if talking to herself. "Now we have an opposition to Gadsby's. Mrs. Willard, of Troy, has been stopping there this winter, introducing her new book on physiology, and giving a course of lectures to the ladies. I subscribed for the course, and went once; but it was drier than politics to me, and I doubt if she has a dozen hearers by this time. After each lecture she has the books for sale. I bought one the day I went, but have hardly looked into it since."

Just then her son came in, whom she introduced, and we left; she to dress for a Saturday night dinner party, and I to con over in my room the events of the day and evening with Minnie.

"Well, and so this is Washington," I said; "and before delivering a letter we have introduced ourselves almost to the President."

"Yes," Minnie said, coming and throwing her arms around my neck, "and isn't it too lovely for anything! Oh! you should just see how smiling and pleasant they all are to us. The gentlemen bow to you just as though you could see; I return it, and they never seem to know the difference."

"But now, my dear one," I said, "it was the little books we came to Washington to introduce as well as ourselves. You heard Mrs. Bell's sweet offer to take

twenty copies, and we must have her find one of them on her table to-night when she returns from the party."

Minnie was never in a hotel before, and her search for the bell that I assured her must be somewhere in the room was on the verge of failure, when she discovered a cord suspended from the ceiling with the tassel that might have belonged to it lying on the floor. Winding the cord around her finger, she gave it a hard pull, and the man to whom we gave the money was soon knocking at the door.

Upon learning our errand: "Yes, miss, I sees, I sees; it's de porter yer wants"—who at length came, and taking our express receipt for one case, he went away. The waited for, I believe, always comes slowly. Three hours elapsed, and we began to doubt ever seeing the receipt again or the books either. At last, though, two men came puffing up the stairs with the case. It was soon opened, and Minnie wrote on the fly-leaf of one:

"MRS. SENATOR BELL,
Compliments of
The Author."

The waiter took it to her room, with a charge to have her maid leave it on her table; then we locked and bolted the door, said our prayers, and climbed into the highest, broadest, canopied old Virginia bed possible to imagine.

"So ends," I said, "our first day together out in the wide, wide world."

* * * *

To

*Mr. Nicholas Dean,
New York,*

CHAPTER VI.

“A SPECIAL EDICT.”

Washington, January, 1850.

WHEN we awoke the next morning the winds were blowing a tornado and pelting the windows with hailstones in a way that was frightful to hear.

“Oh! it does not seem like Sunday at all to have it storm so,” Minnie exclaimed, as she parted the curtains to look out.

We were among the first down to breakfast, and when Mrs. Bell came in with her two daughters, son and husband, Minnie whispered: “She has the little book under her arm. Thinks it covered, but her mantilla is caught up with it behind. She looked over at you, and bowed and smiled.” In my heart I said:

“Ah! she has been reading the little book, and is pleased with it, or she would never have brought it with her to the table.”

Presently Minnie, leaning over to add another lump of sugar to my coffee, whispered:

“The gentlemen all have their papers, and every little while one puts his finger on a place and passes it along to another; he reads it and then looks over at us.” This made me feel very uncomfortable, as, of course, I could not imagine what it might be.

“See what papers they have, if you can,” I said, “and when we go up we will ring and send for them.” My

breakfast had lost its relish, and hurrying away we came up to our room, and ordered the latest papers—and, oh! what a lovely little “special edict” the *Intelligencer* had copied from the *Commercial Advertiser*, of New York.

“Oh!” Minnie exclaimed, clapping her little hands, “what a wreath of praise! And, oh! here is one in another paper, a long one. These are what they were all reading and looking so pleased about.” So we were rejoicing when there came such a heavy knock at the door. Minnie opened it, and there stood a great stalwart darky, bowing nearly to the floor.

“’Scuse me, ladies,” he said, “my missus, Mrs. Bell, has sent me to tell you as it storms powerful to-day, an’ nobody ’ll go to church, she wants twenty ob yer little books to ’stribute round amongst ’em to read. She likes de one she has powerful well; was readin’ it till purty nigh mornin’.”

Minnie counted him out the twenty, and away he went with them in his arms. In about ten minutes little Nanny Bell came, saying:

“Mamma wants five more of your ‘Places in My Memory,’ and she wants to know the price of them.” Minnie wrote on a card for me:

“Thanks, dear Mrs. Bell, all the way to the ‘Better Land’—the little book is one dollar.” In less time than it takes to tell it, Nanny was back again for ten more—this time the maid with her.

“Mamma says that you must keep count of them,” she screamed, as if talking to one who could not hear, “and she will see that it is all paid to-morrow. Mr. Heiss is down there. He says he has seen the notices of it in the New York papers, and he will have one in his paper to-morrow. Mrs. Heiss took three—one for

her brother, one for herself, and one for Mr. Heiss. The parlor is full of people, and they are all reading them."

Going down to dinner, we came to Mrs. Dawson's parlor just as she and the Senator were stepping out, and only Georgia herself could have fashioned a greeting more cordial. We paused to let them walk in advance; and looking back, Mrs. Dawson said:

"My husband has been reading your little book this morning, and I saw him trying to hide his tears over that letter to your mother."

"Oh!" I said, "I should apologize to the Senator for having caused him to weep."

"No, indeed," she said; "he does not weep often!"

"Doubtless not," I ventured to add; "having you to love his eyes should be indeed strangers to everything but smiles!"

"That is so!" the Senator exclaimed, laughing; and as they moved along I heard him say to her, low—

"Then you like to see me weep, do you, little one?" Without answering, back she stepped and touching my arm, whispered:

"I am coming to see you in the morning. I want to get five of those little books to send to Georgia."

So the day passed until, leaving the tea-room, Mrs. Bell joined me, and slipping my hand in her arm, led the way to her parlors. In a few moments Senator Bell came in with Senator Butler, of South Carolina, to whom I had hardly been introduced when Senator Toombs and General Waddy Thompson were announced. Minnie said afterward that the General took tea with Mrs. Bell, and she saw her pointing me out to him, and telling him about the little book. After a few moments, though, Minnie and I left. Parting with Mrs. Bell at the door—

"Good-bye, you dear one," she said, "I am coming to see you in the morning and settle up my long string of accounts."

"Oh!" I said, "no matter about the accounts, only I shall be very proud and very happy, indeed, to have so much *light* in my room!"

Monday morning the skies were as clear again as if they had never rained anything but sunshine, and true to her promise, right after breakfast Mrs. Bell was tapping at my door; then, as one blessing is wont to be followed by another, she was hardly seated when Mrs. Dawson was announced with a lovely bouquet in her hand.

Mrs. Bell had fifty dollars to pay—five from each of those senators that we were introduced to the evening before; and in place of five copies, Mrs. Dawson would take ten. "Five more," she said, "to send to some friends in Charleston"—a little paving of the way, you see, for my visit there. And, ah! Mr. Dean, you should have heard the praises they had to shower upon my one poor little ewe lamb of a book! What this one had said, that one and the other; and more than all, that they were all going to have copies.

Those trite little words, *thank you*, my heart had worn threadbare before I had been in the dark a month; but had they been as new and unspoken as the last love-whisper among the angels I should have exhausted them utterly in New York. Indeed, long before you had the kindness to place that little package of letters in my hand, I had come to feel such a perfect dearth of fitting phraseology for acknowledging kindnesses received, that I stood before you with them there like one bereft of speech—aye, and hearing too; my heart stood still and I could only think, think. At last,

though, I believe I did stammer out: "Mr. Dean, you are the noblest, best man who has ever lived!" At least, that is what I have been saying ever since, and ought to have said it then whether I did or not. But how find words now dear and sweet and beautiful enough to thank these stranger ladies in for their overwhelming kindness? How tell them half how beautiful and generous it was of them to have changed so many of the little books into gold dollars, literally crowding my portemonnaie with them when, as yet, I had only been in Washington one stormy day, and that all the Lord's own, even to the evening thereof?

So I was thinking when they rose to depart, and hardly knowing where I should come out, I said:

"My visit to Washington, ladies, has taught me already what it is to be born where flowers are perennial and summers last all the year round."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dawson in her sweet musical way, "but we do not gather such bouquets from our flowers as this you have brought us from your northern lands."

"No, indeed," Mrs. Bell rejoined, "and I mean she shall sell every copy she has brought here, and as many more if she can." Just then Mrs. ex-Governor Doty, of Wisconsin, and her daughter were announced, who had come also for the little book, "A Place in Thy Memory."

And so they went on coming, coming all the day long until evening, when, counting up, Minnie found that one hundred of the little books had already been turned into gold dollars.

"Ah!" I said, "exactly as it was in the *vision*, picking the shining little pieces from the gloomy presence that everywhere overawes me." This is another feature of it, too, quite as literal: What has been going on in

my thoughts has already borne the shining things from my hand almost sooner than I have gathered them. To-morrow I must get a draft for that smiling little troop of mine in the Allen Seminary, the joy in whose hearts, when they hear of my success in Washington, will be enough to melt blessings to them from the hands of the angels themselves.

* * * *

To

Mr. Nicholas Dean,
New York.

CHAPTER VII.

NEVER DOUBT AGAIN.

Washington, February, 1850.

THE third morning after my arrival I waited upon all the editors of the city with copies of the little book, and was surprised to find their offices upon the first and second floors instead of the fifth and the sixth as in New York.

Mr. Gales, of the *National Intelligencer*, recognized me at once, and how polite and beautiful he was! When I rose to depart, he said:

“Wait a moment,” went into another room, returned and insisted upon paying me for the book.

“Excuse me, Mr. Gales,” I said, “if you will be pleased to notice my work it will be a thousand times paid for.”

“Certainly not,” he replied. “I should be sorry, indeed, if I could not pay for an interesting lady’s book and speak well of it, too, when I am so sure of its being doubly deserved.” I still declined taking the money.

“But,” said he, “*you must!* I have just been and borrowed this dollar of a friend whom I have not seen for nineteen years till this hour, when I left him to speak with you.” To object further was impossible, and I said:

“Ah! then you shall surely have the pleasure of scattering that golden ray in my path.” Then he

dropped the little gold dollar that he had borrowed from his friend into my portemonnaie, and we left.

The editor of the *Republic* was less cordial. His long, beautiful notice, though, that came out the next morning more than compensated. He quotes from the little book, praises its style, and altogether commends it so heartily that one would expect to see half of the city hastening to buy one.

The editor of the *Globe* says in his notice what I heard you say once:

“Eyes that do not see the light should never know tears.” He does not quote it. Was it original with you then, and is it now original with him? Possibly, since great minds do sometimes leave the same “footprints upon the sands of time.”

Dear Mr. Dean, if, when the citizens of New York appointed you their honored representative to go out and receive the “Sage of Ashland,” on the occasion of his last visit there—if, I say, you chanced to feel some little misgivings as to exactly what you should say or how you should say it, why! even then do not imagine that you have the slightest conception of what I suffered lest, not seeing, I should wait upon his highness in a way as to be anything but pleasant either to him or to myself. Four days having elapsed, though, since the announcement of my arrival, I felt it no longer polite to defer the presentation of my letters; and every thought being burdened with what I had to do, leaving the dining-room that morning, I chanced to say to Mrs. Bell:

“I must deliver my letters to-day, especially to the two senators, Mr. Henry Clay and Mr. Samuel Houston.”

“Oh! Mr. Houston is in Texas,” she said, “called

home by the illness of his family, so you will have no bother with him; and as for Mr. Clay, just let me tell you how to do it. At eleven he goes to the Senate, and you must be at the National prompt on ten o'clock; that is his time to receive. Ring the bell. The porter will show you to the ladies' parlor and then bring Mr. Clay's body-servant to you, who will take your letter and card to his master, and return with word when he will be able to see you."

That was a little programme for me, you see, and one step seemed to draw the other after it like a charm. The servant was hardly gone a moment when he came back and said: "Mr. Clay will be able to see you in about five minutes."

During the interim I do not know what Minnie was thinking about, but every thought in my soul was whispering to itself:

"Oh! if these clouds could only break away for just one moment, just long enough to catch a glimpse of the great chair and the great statesman in it, to whom I was to have the life-long honor of being presented!" But just imagine my surprise, Mr. Dean, when Mr. Clay met me at the door himself and slipped my hand in his arm as gracefully as if he had been taking lessons of you or the *angels*; and crossing the room, seated *me* in the great arm chair that, but a moment before, I had been picturing him enthroned in, looking so formidable and proud; the while the grace of his manner and the easy flowing words from his lips made me feel as perfectly comfortable as if seating me he had said, drawing up a chair familiarly by my side:

"Now, my child, let us forget that we are strangers, and have a little talk here all by ourselves."

First, your very good health was asked after; then,

your good qualities enumerated, which Mr. Clay finally put all into one little summary when he said:

"One does not need many such friends as Nicholas Dean." Then, in the most delicate way possible, the conversation turned upon the little enterprise that had brought me to Washington, how I managed to write, how long my little book had been out, etc., etc., in no other way, however, referring to my not seeing until I spoke of it myself, in which he manifested the deepest interest, and after a little said, directly:

"But, madam, you retain so perfectly the manners of a seeing person, that I am as yet hardly able to persuade myself that you do not see."

"Thank you, Mr. Clay," I said. "Those words will linger longer in my thoughts than anything you could possibly have said to me, I am so constantly in fear of appearing awkward or unpleasant to those whom I meet." Then something like a tear moistened in my eyes, which Mr. Clay must have seen, for in an instant I felt my hand pressed warmly in his.

"Your young life has been greatly and strangely bereft," he said, "but, as my friend tells me here, you have talent and culture still left, and I hope a very brilliant future in store;" and went on presenting my dark privation in so many advantageous lights that I almost felt it a blessing rather than a misfortune. He spoke of all the illustrious blind, and remarked that the world seldom appreciates them while they live, probably from the great retirement or seclusion in which they necessarily pass their time. Then General Scott and several others were announced, and we rose to take leave, but not until he had charged me many times to call again very soon and let him know how he could best serve me.

"I seldom make calls," said he, "but I shall surely visit you;" and then he said low to Minnie:

"Please bring me a copy of your friend's little book." And then the drollest thing! he asked her if we had not a little book, a prospectus or something that we were going to take the names in.

"I should do that," he said.

Now just listen to this, Mr. Dean, and you will never doubt the angels being with us again. On the way up, seeing that we had left the hotel a little too soon, I said to Minnie:

"We will stop in one of the book-stores, then, select some paper and call for it on our way back." When right at the door, Minnie said:

"Oh! here are some lovely bound blank books, such as you spoke of getting to take all the names in." We selected a very pretty one, and not staying to get the stationery, Minnie took it with her under her shawl; and when Mr. Clay spoke of taking the names, reading my approval from my looks, she gave it to him. He cut the string with his knife, unwrapped it and wrote his lofty name:

"H. Clay of Ashland,"

the first in our list of purchasers. Then he folded the paper around and would have tied the string again, but Minnie said:

"Never mind, Mr. Clay," and took it from his hand. Then, as we moved along toward the door, I felt that eloquent arm of his half around my shoulder, the while he repeated:

"Be sure to come and see me again very soon, and let me know how you get along." The servant showed us

down to the door, and we were hardly on the walk when Minnie exclaimed :

“Why! Mr. Clay knows everything, doesn’t he?”

“Yes, indeed,” I said. “I should really think he had been blind himself some day and sold his little book, too, for a living, else how could he know about a prospectus and taking the names and all that, and how did he know, too, to take my hand and slip it into his arm instead of standing and offering it to me as half the gentlemen do.”

“Yes,” Minnie added, “and look at me wondering why you don’t take it!”

We were going next to wait upon Mr. Phœnix, but when almost there, I said:

“No, I will tell you, let us go and wait upon the President. It will be just splendid to have his name next to Mr. Clay’s.” But then, I had chanced to hear a gentleman say at the table:

“The Cabinet meet to-day,” so, of course, the President will be engaged. Walking along, though, I decided it would be all the better to go when he would be engaged, as then I could leave a note for him explaining briefly my errand, and asking as the choicest possible souvenir of my visit to Washington, the pleasure of hearing his voice. Minnie coincided with that. We hurried back to our room, wrote the note and went directly to the White House. Of course the keeper of the door said:

“It is Cabinet meeting, and the President will be engaged for some hours.”

“But, then can I not leave a line for him?” I asked.

“Certainly,” he replied, and motioned us over to the desk in the far end of the room, where Minnie, taking an envelope from the table, slipped my note into it.

But then came the trouble as to how to address it. I suggested one way and she another, until finally we settled upon:

“PRESIDENT TAYLOR,
Executive Mansion,
Washington, D. C.”

handed it to the man and left.

In the note I appointed three o'clock for calling again, having learned that to be his usual hour for receiving in the afternoon. I thought then nothing would deter me from being prompt to the moment; but returning, Minnie mistook one of the public buildings for the White House, and going the wrong way it was after four o'clock before we reached it. Entering the grounds a horse, feeding there, galloped away, when one of the gentlemen walking behind us said to the other:

“That is old *Whitey*, the President’s old war-horse, and he seems to enjoy the honors of his new situation quite as much as his master. At first he was as gentle as a lamb—anybody could approach him—but since so many have pulled relics from his tail and his mane, at the bare sight of a stranger he takes to his heels as if all the ghosts of the dead Mexicans were after him.”

The man at the door was all politeness

“Why!” he said, “I am glad you’ve come back. The President sent down directly to say that when you came again he would see you whatever he was doing.”

“That was very kind of the President, surely,” I replied, “but as we are so late he is, perhaps, engaged.”

“The President is at dinner, madam, but I shall call him.”

"Oh! certainly not while he is at dinner," I ventured to say; "I will wait with pleasure."

"The President must be obeyed, madam, and he said he would see you when you came again, whatever he was doing."

Feeling myself rebuked for daring to suggest even the shadow of treason in the President's house, I consented to be shown to the receiving parlor, where he seated us and then seemingly moved every chair in the room; and when at last so far away that I thought he had departed, lo! back he came giving the bottom of my dress a jerk, spreading it out around me on the carpet in a way that made me wish it an elegant silk instead of a bombazine; then folding my mantle back over my arm and moving the chair next me once more, he left, looking back over his shoulder, Minnie said, until the door closed after him.

In less time than it takes to think it, even, the President entered. I arose and stood by my chair and bowed. He took both of my hands in his for a moment, turned, bowed to Minnie, and then sat down opposite me. I said:

"I should apologize, Mr. President, for having called you away from your dinner."

"Not at all, not at all," he repeated; "only from dessert, and it would be a good thing if we had somebody to call us away from that every day—ha! ha!"

Nothing breaks fear and dispels restraint like a laugh.

"On the contrary, Mr. President, one who has served his country like General Taylor, I should think would more fear never receiving his *desert*." This made him laugh again, and turning the subject abruptly, he said:

"You blind people have a way of picturing everybody to yourselves; and now let me ask—do you find me at all such a person as you expected to meet?"

"Hardly," I replied. "That cool exclamation of yours to General Bragg in the roar of battle, 'A few more grape!' made me picture you to myself a hero *all warrior.*"

"But now?" he asked.

So many have questioned me that way since the loss of my sight that without the least hesitancy I gave him for answer the first impression that had come to my thoughts: "Why! instead, I meet the voice and manner of a gentleman, not only genial but kindly even to tenderness."

"Ah! madam," he said; "that is worth leaving more than one dinner for—but wait! I promised to let my daughters see you. We have read your little book; we did not, however, get it after we heard that you were coming. A lady from your hotel sent it to my daughter, Mrs. Major Bliss; and soldier that I am, some tears did trickle down my face over that first letter to your mother." Then, "Excuse me," he said, and went to the dining-room for his daughters, returned with them and introduced them himself; also a friend who is visiting them from New Orleans—an honor, Mrs. Bell says, conferred upon no other lady this winter.

After the ladies entered we did not sit again, but exchanged a few words standing, and I turned to leave, when, in an instant, the President was slipping my hand in his arm, and when we reached the outer door I thought surely he would leave me; but no; the servant opened the door and out he stepped upon the veranda. He had not his hat, I was sure; and I imagined the cold winds blowing through his thin hair, and wondered

that he did not let me take my hand from his arm, when he said :

“John, why do you not call this lady’s carriage? These hackmen are getting so afraid of the cold they go around the other end of the house !”

Oh! Mr. Dean, Mr. Dean, what a moment was that! How could I say to the President that I came to see him *on foot*, and that, too, when he had been so gracious, so gallant, and so beautifully polite? But wit, though a dangerous talent, sometimes serves one even better than wisdom, and bending my head to him, “Excuse me, Mr. President,” I said, “but knowing that in waiting upon your highness I was to have the honor of speaking with Major-General Zachary Taylor, I made a Hebrew Sabbath of it, and walked up!”

Oh! Mr. Dean, you should have seen the President bow away down; then, rising and taking my hand exclaim :

“The most beautiful compliment, madam, that I have ever received; and you must allow me to make a *Christian* Sabbath of it and see that you *ride* back. John, call my carriage to take these ladies home, and accompany them yourself.” Then stepping back a moment to wait, he said :

“Mrs. Taylor is going to send down for a package of your little books.”

“Ah!” I said, “that is very beautiful of her, Mr. President, but since the little book and its unfortunate author have found such favor in your sight, I would fain ask just one indulgence more. Mr. Clay suggested to me to-day that I take the names or autographs of all those who are pleased to take copies of me, and had the kindness to head the list himself; and I should prize very much the name of Zachary Taylor alongside his.”

"Certainly, certainly," he replied; "I shall be only too proud to write my name next to that of Henry Clay's anywhere, and so you will send up that little book of autographs, I will write mine for you with the greatest pleasure." Just then one came for the President, and excusing himself he said, the last thing, parting:

"I shall look for you certainly at my next levee, and you must come to every one of them as long as you stay."

So we left. The surprises and pleasant things of the day, though, were not to end there. Just as we were leaving our room to go down to supper, the servant came up with three cards on a tray that had been *left on me*, he said, that day—one from no less a personage than Mrs. General Hamilton. Look at that, Mr. Dean! You will be still more surprised, though, when I announce to you the next one, Mrs. ex-President Madison. Can you believe it? And the third, but not least, Mrs. Commodore Shubrick, who has been to see me twice since, once to take me a long, lovely drive; and the best of all, Minnie suggests, each time her carriage has borne away in the bottom of it a package of the little books. What she does with them I do not know, only that two of them have been sent to her *thee* and *thou* friends in Baltimore; and Mrs. Bell says she was a lovely Quakeress herself before she married the Commodore. Parting with her the day we rode, "I want you to come with your little friend and dine with me next week," she said. My looks must have revealed what I was thinking—can I go, can I?—for as if to remove my fears, "We are a small family," she said, "my daughter and her husband, Dr. Clymer; the Commodore is away, and I have only invited a few friends, all of whom I know will be delighted to meet you. I will send my

carriage for you, and bring you home as early as you will like to return." So the engagement was made, and to be my first dining-out in Washington.

Oh! Mr. Dean, if I could only see! If the angels would only unveil these eyes just long enough for me to be nicely seated at the table and see all of those who are around me! But then, seeing, I should never have been here, should never be there, should never have written the little book, nor anything. Ah! never mind, never mind, I say to myself a thousand times a day, the long dark *vision* with its four more scenes will all ere long be waded through, and then the light again, oh! *the light!*

* * * *

To

Mr. Nicholas Dean,
New York.

CHAPTER VIII.

ONLY THE CICERO.

Washington, February, 1850.

WHEN I promised to write you once a week, Mr. Dean, and tell you everything, I had no idea that telling you everything would amount to one quarter what it does.

The next morning after my visit to the President, Mrs. Taylor sent down for ten copies of the little book; and Mrs. Dawson having offered me the use of her servant whenever I should wish, I sent him as bearer of the one in which the President was to write his name alongside that of Mr. Clay. When he came back, Mr. Dawson added his and proposed to take it with him to the Senate and get all the names of those senators who had taken copies. He did so and brought it back at night graced with the names of Jackson Morton, U. S. S. of Florida, Waddy Thompson, Jeff. Davis, Seward, Bell, Clinch, and so on, over two pages of them; then all the ladies in the house who had taken copies added theirs, making altogether such a beginning as the Chinese *Solomon* must have been thinking of when he said: "The beginning is half of the whole."

But although two hundred copies of the little book had been disposed of, there were three hundred still left. Friends, calls, compliments, dinings-out, drives and "a' that and a' that," are pleasant things to have,

but you see to sell the little books was what I came to Washington for, and the notices now being well out and still all fresh in the minds of the people, with this splendid beginning there was nothing lacking but courage to go out and wait upon the citizens of Washington just as I did to get the subscribers in New York, giving the gentlemen, of course, the preference. Accordingly, Minnie put fifty copies of the book into the bag, the colored man took it, and led the way to the State Department. There, I asked to speak a moment with the Secretary of State, which was granted; and explaining my errand to him in the fewest words possible, he said at once:

"We will take six copies for the State Library," and moved away to write his name with the rest; meantime, Minnie stepped back for them to the colored man in the hall, and placed them upon his table. Thanking him for his kindness, I asked if there would be any objection to my waiting upon the clerks and officers through his department.

"Not in the least," he said, "and I only hope you may find them all prepared to take copies." So, thanking him again and apologizing as best I could for my homely intrusion, he bowed us out, Minnie said, as politely as if we had come to him with a message from the President as well as his signature. Then we went on through all the offices upon that floor and the one above, when every copy was gone; and we returned having been absent from our room just three hours.

After dinner, meeting Mrs. Bell in the parlor, I explained to her how I had passed the morning.

"What a hero in the strife of life!" she exclaimed; and soon all the ladies were gathering around lauding my courage.

"Why! that is what I have to do," I said, "and what I shall doubtless have to go on doing until something better brightens over my way."

Finishing the State Department we went next to the War Department, and so on through all the Government buildings of the capital.

The morning before the first President's levee that I was to attend, I waited upon Mr. Webster, with a little note to him from General Waddy Thompson, who has come to be one of the best friends I have in Washington. Mr. Webster was sitting for his portrait, but down he came with the note in his hand.

"Pray, madam," he said hurriedly, "can you give me any idea of the contents of this note? I can't read a word of it but my name at the top and 'Waddy Thompson' at the bottom, and I doubt if the General could make out a word more of it himself." Seeing that he was in a great hurry, I said:

"The note tells you, I believe, Mr. Webster, that the bearer of it is blind and selling her own little work for herself, and invites Mr. Webster to please become the purchaser of a copy."

"Ah! I shall do that with the greatest pleasure," he said, "but what is the price?" I told him, and handing the money to Minnie and taking the book, "There, that is all right now," he said, "good morning!" and before I could show him the book of names or ask him to write his, he was mounting the stairs again, Minnie said, two and three steps at a time.

Mrs. Bell insisted upon being my *chaperone* to the first levee. The President having seen me only once, and then in winter wraps, meeting me now dressed and having Mrs. Bell's arm, he did not recognize me until by a little word she called his attention to my not seeing.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "this is my arch complimenter!" at which Mrs. Bell laughed and we passed on to meet his daughters, both of whom were receiving that evening. After a little we chanced upon a young North Carolinian widower, who is stopping at our hotel, and I heard him say to Mrs. Bell:

"Allow me the pleasure, madam, of playing escort to your friend a little while;" and having his arm, I seemingly had no need of eyes; he saw everything, knew everything, and described everything and everybody. By some strange fatality, three times during the evening I was introduced to Mr. Webster, and twice to Mr. Clay, who said the first time: "I have not been to see you yet, madam, but I am surely coming."

Through General Waddy Thompson I had previously passed an evening at the National, where I made the acquaintance of Mrs. General Ashley, who is to the fashionable society here what Madame Recamier was to the Court of Napoleon. Having her sweet favor was indeed a passport to at least the polite attentions of many others, and it was when with her and a group of the friends to whom she had introduced me that the President came and spoke to me. I recognized his voice at once, which seemed to gratify him. Just then Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Dawson and Mrs. Morton came up and several gentlemen. Toward the close of the evening, I had the arm of Mr. Yeatman, a son of Mrs. Bell by her first marriage; who, after escorting me over all the mansion as it seemed, conservatory, etc., was telling me about a strange old painting that we were standing before, when the President passed again and stopped to ask how much longer I would stay in Washington, invited me to come to his next levee, and bowing, passed away.

The next day returning from one of the Departments, having a few copies of the book left, I said to Minnie:

"When we come to some of those nice old Virginia residences, we will stop and, perhaps, get rid of these before we reach home." The servant man, who was walking behind, heard me, and turning the corner he called:

"Dar, miss, right over dar is de res'dence ob Lieutenant Hunter, ob de Navy. Dey is powerful rich, an' ef he's dar, yer won't bring none ob dese books away, I reckon." We stopped. The colored man rang and then waited outside. Minnie had one of the little books and the book of names in her hand with a little shawl that covered them.

Mrs. Hunter received us as if we had come in state, while a dear "Aunt Sally" there, who had lost her intended in the war of 1812, and had read the little book, took me into her heart of hearts at once. The Lieutenant sat down close by me because, as he said:

"I am a little deaf from a fall I once had." They insisted upon our staying to dine with them. The Lieutenant would not be denied, so Minnie dismissed the man, we laid off our hats and took seats with them; and when we came away the carriage was at the door. The Lieutenant handing us in, placed a little paper in Minnie's hand which contained the pay for not only as many books as the man had carried away in the satchel, but for five more.

The next Sabbath after church they called and insisted upon our leaving the hotel and making the rest of our stay in Washington with them. Feeling that it would be doubly awkward to be going out every day with the little books from their elegant mansion, I proposed to compromise by promising to pass a week with

them after the remainder of the little books were gone.

"No, no!" Mrs. Hunter said; "we have a boy who knows everybody and every place in the city, and you can have the carriage any time you like. Your room is all ready, the fire lighted, and we want your cheerful presence among us more than we can make you know. The Lieutenant says you have made his loss of hearing seem half less to him already, while Aunt Sally groans for you constantly."

Ah! they are Virginians, indeed, in whom is lodged every manner of good thing, and we are to go to them next week. Commodore and Mrs. Moore are to take me with them to the next levee, and I thought it better to remain in the hotel until after that. Besides I have an invitation from Mrs. Ashley to the next reception at the National; besides, too, Mrs. Dawson's colored man knows not only all the names of those who have subscribed, but their number and the exact day and hour when he is to go to them.

Learning by this time that it is more polite to make calls in a carriage *than on foot*, I ordered the man here to select me a nice modest looking equipage, and went to return Mrs. General Hamilton's visit, or rather her card. The dear old lady, in whose heart is cased a memory so dark that no smile and no joy have ever been bright enough to illumine it, received me more than kindly. Indeed, there was something so tender in her manner that if I had known nothing of her history, I should have said in my heart at once: "She knows what it is to weep for the loved and the lost."

After the compliments of the morning and we were seated, "Are you finding your visit to Washington pleasant?" she asked.

"Very, indeed, thank you," I replied. "Barring the regret I feel at not being able to see all the distinguished people I meet, the days bring me nothing but pleasure."

"Ah! that is very charming," she said. "I have heard several of the ladies at your hotel speak of you as quite the most cheerful, entertaining person among them."

"One's gaiety, though," I replied, "is not always an index to the looks one would wear were one privileged to speak and to act as one feels."

"No," she said; "and but that even our greatest sorrows come back to us softened by memory and made more bearable to us by time, we could never smile, I sometimes think." Then seeing that Minnie's sweet eyes were attracted to one and another of the quaint objects upon a table in the center of the room, she rose and placed in my hands a cup and saucer from which she said General Washington had often sipped his coffee with her husband and other of his generals around her table.

"The chair, too, that you have, I have often seen him reclining in as well as many others of that time who have long since passed away." There were many relics of the Revolution upon the table, all of which she pointed out to Minnie and explained to me very kindly.

It was her and her daughter's reception day, and thanking her for the honor and the pleasure of her card, which I told her would be cherished ever as one of the choicest souvenirs of my visit to Washington, we left to call on Mrs. ex-President Madison, but found her just descending the stairs with a lady on either side helping her down to go out for her morning drive. She stopped a moment, though, at the parlor door, ex-

changed a few words, and making me promise to be sure and call again, they helped her slowly down the steps; after which we descended and entered our carriage, which, being faced the same way as hers, I told the driver as he closed the door not to leave until hers had driven away.

True to his promise, Mr. Clay called the second day after I met him at the President's levee. We were descending the stairs to go out when the waiter handed me his card. First I thought to go back and lay off my wraps; but being where he could see us, Mr. Clay came quickly out and, taking my arm, walked me right along into the parlor, where we had just the briefest, choicest, loveliest little visit in the world. I told him that I was going on to Charleston soon.

"Then I must give you a letter to one of my friends there," he said. "But how have you succeeded here?" he asked. Thinking of no better way of answering, I showed him the book of names, with the President's name next to his, and all the rest that followed. It would have done you good, Mr. Dean, to watch him reading them down, smiling, Minnie said, as though he saw each man in his name. I told him that I had been to the Senate Chamber to hear him speak four times.

"Ah!" he said, with so much surprise that I ventured to say:

"Indeed, half the pleasure I anticipated in coming to Washington was to hear America's three greatest orators, Clay, Webster and Calhoun."

"And have you heard us all?" he asked, laughing.

"Only the Cicero," I replied.

"And not the Hercules?"

"No," I said; "each time Mr. Webster has either just

finished speaking or is not there; and Mr. Calhoun is ill, they say."

"Yes," he replied, "and so very ill that some have even expressed doubts of his ever appearing in the Senate again," and he arose to depart, giving one hand to Minnie and one to me. "Now be sure to come and see me before you leave," he said; and with the kindest *good morning* possible, he was gone.

Ah! what an infringement upon the laws of polite society—you are saying to yourself—selling her little book days, and attending the President's levee evenings; calls, too, receptions, breaking bread even with the greatest and the best. Sometimes I stop and wonder if some good angel does not come along and so veil the eyes of all whom I meet that, seeing me, they see not me at all, but a somebody instead mantled o'er and o'er with the sweet graces of their own beautiful indulgence. The first time, though, Mr. Webster was introduced to me at the President's levee, talking a moment with Mrs. Ashley, whose jewelled arm I had, Minnie amused her sweet self divining the funny sort of twinkle in the corners of his eyes, which I interpret to say:

Alas! what incongruities one stumbles upon in this conglomerate society of ours—out with her little book in the morning, and at evening presented to me arm in arm with the protecting angel at the very gate of fashionable society.

Ah! Mr. Dean, there is no way of accounting for some things, save that *the unseen* have to do with them. The hand that five summers ago trailed that mystic *vision* of darkness before my spirit eyes is meeting me now here at every turn in the way. Indeed, as I look back, I seem to have been treading upon enchanted ground from the very first day this darkness stole upon my

life, as though by it the very world itself has been turned into a sort of heaven wherein, walking linked hands with the angels, I find all gates ajar.

* * * *

To

Mr. Nicholas Dean,
New York.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BENEDICTION OF HIS NAME.

Washington, March, 1850.

AFTER nearly two weeks with the delightful Hunters, I returned to the hotel yesterday both to make ready for our departure on the morrow, and to go with Mrs. Bell in her carriage to this afternoon reception at the White House.

Mrs. Taylor is rarely seen, Mrs. Major Bliss, the younger daughter, does the honors, and listening to her conversations this afternoon with one and another of the ladies as they came and went, I said to myself:

“She lacks nothing, while from me has been taken away even that which I had.” Yet, believe me, I did not feel to murmur nor much to envy although the contrast, you will admit, was hardly a thing to smile upon!

Taking leave of the President, I mentioned inadvertently my departure for Charleston on the morrow.

“But who of your friends here have given you letters?” he inquired.

“Oh! all those to whom I brought them,” I replied, “besides several very flattering ones from Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, some from my friends at the National, quite a number from the ladies of my own hotel, and a lovely little packet from Mr. Clay.”

“Then you will not go to the City of Palmettoes un-

announced," he said, "and I only hope all Charleston may come out to receive you."

"Ah!" I replied, "if they do not go the other way I shall be only too thankful."

"No danger of that," he said; "Charleston is one of the most hospitable as well as one of the most beautiful cities in all the South."

Then, after I had thanked him as best I could for all his kindnesses during my stay in Washington, he gave me his hand with a very fervent good-bye, as Mrs. Bell moved along to make her adieux. She lingered, though, quite a little, and at the close of their conversation I heard the President say, almost mournfully:

"And we shall be glad when we are in our camp again."

Then we drove away, Mrs. Bell seemingly too much occupied with her own thoughts to converse, and I, the while, busy replacing the fast fading anxieties of my visit to Washington with those of a much longer journey already stretching out before me.

But now listen, Mr. Dean. If you should live a thousand years you will never hear a thing so astonishing: Hardly an hour had elapsed when the President's body-servant came to me with the most beautiful letter of introduction from the President himself that the world has ever seen, introducing me to the City of Charleston, and to all his friends in the whole South, joined by his family with "best wishes for a pleasant journey!"

Oh, Mr. Dean, Mr. Dean! When Minnie read the starry name of "Z. Taylor" upon the envelope, I could hardly believe my senses. I felt as though a thousand rainbows had been suddenly bent above my heart, all telling of promise, assurance and hope! Why! through all my wilderness way, through all the wanderings of

the lonely *vision*, through all that I have to live through and live out, this precious letter will be to me even as "a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night."

"But the letter," you say, "the letter!"

"WASHINGTON, March 19, 1850

"S. H. DE KROYFT,

"DEAR MADAM:—Understanding that you are about to leave for Charleston, I take this opportunity to express the deep sympathy which your case has elicited, and to invoke in your behalf a kind reception among my friends in the South. You are recommended to them by every circumstance which can add interest to misfortune, and I gladly bespeak for you the friendly offices of the proverbially generous and hospitable community which you propose to visit.

"The members of my family join me in best wishes for a pleasant journey, and I remain, dear madam,

"Very sincerely yr friend,

"Z. TAYLOR."

Now you have read it, Mr. Dean, and I can almost see the great tears melting in your kindly eyes. Oh, it is too beautiful for anything, and would I could set a like star in his way whose light should never go out! But, ah! the name of Zachary Taylor is itself a wreath of fame, and his own shining deeds are stars that will light his brave heart even through the Valley and the Shadow of Death, and brighten immortal beyond the grave. So all I can do is to pray kind heaven to crowd his life with length of years, swell his minutes to hours and link them all with sunshine and flowers, even as he has linked my name forever with his.

Think not, though, that I one moment forget the

“Open Sesame” that your little packet of letters was to my entrance here, nor what the pleasant heraldings of the New York editors have been to me every step of the way. No, nor what they are likely to be since the Washington editors have commenced already repeating their pleasant announcements to the editors of Charleston, who will doubtless be no whit less indulgent to a little enterprise that not only all Washington has come out to sanction, but the President, even, has stooped to hallow with the benediction of his name.

* * * *

To

*Mr. Nicholas Dean,
New York.*

CHAPTER X.

LIGHTING NEW LIGHTS.

Charleston, April, 1850.

LEAVING Washington for Charleston, Minnie was just counting out the moneys for our journey, tickets, etc., when a card came something like the one you gave me once from New York to Rochester, only signed:

"B. Hunter, U. S. N.

and let me tell you, Mr. Dean, if it had been a parchment from the Turkish Sultan, covered over with all the insignia of oriental royalty, it could not have insured sweet Minnie and me a more lovely smoothing of the way. Why! at sight of it, even, the baggage-master turned knightly and shoved along all the trunks without one word about *extra baggage*. What the Lieutenant has to do with the road or what sway he holds over it is more than I know—only this: He should have "an highway" cast up expressly for him the world through, and no *lion* of charge ever allowed to go up thereon either.

But, dear Mr. Dean, you will hardly believe this, it is too beautifully, too beautifully true: Since our arrival here four hundred copies of the little book have been changed to gold dollars, and sweet Minnie says they have often paid her five and ten dollars for a single

copy. One hundred and fifty were taken from the book-stores in a day and a half, the book merchants refusing anything for their trouble, and seeming almost offended when I spoke of it, merely from reading the newspaper notices of the book and of the letters I brought, which, perhaps, I should have let the editors copy as they wished to do, one insisting that they presupposed publication, especially the one from the President.

Oh! what a worry, too, that letter has been to me, Mr. Dean, not knowing whether I should let it be published or reply to it even. It was addressed to me, you see, and it seemed only polite to acknowledge so gracious a favor; but replying, what to say and how to say it was the trouble. But at last quoting somebody to myself who says "Errors are only half errors that lean to virtue's side," I ventured to write to him thus:

"CHARLESTON, S. C., April 7th, 1850.

"MAJOR-GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR,

"*President of the United States of America:*

"MOST KIND AND MOST ESTEEMED SIR:—While I beg the privilege of replying to your distinguished favor of Washington, March 19th, 1850, I can but regret my inability worthily to acknowledge its most gracious contents, and thank you for the great honor it does me. He is indeed the father of his people who thus stoops to bless even the humblest of his care.

"Ever since our arrival in Charleston, both carriages and servants have been at my command, while hardly a day has passed without invitations to dine at one place and pass the evening with a party of the learned and the good at another. Hundreds of the little books have been taken, the while the editors have never ceased saying the nicest things editors can say both for the little

book and its unfortunate author; and to all of which, as well as to every other good that has come to me in this land of song and flowers, those few lines with that immortal name 'Z. Taylor' at their margin have been the spirit prompter. Oh! for this one good deed, dear Mr. President, you should live a thousand years. You have bent a bow of protection and honor above my dark life and set a light along its way that will never go out.

"From this little work I hope ere long to realize for myself a home; and when that is done, never, never will my lips cease to breathe blessings on the heart and life and memory of him who with dauntless heroism has served his country and with parental kindness blest even me.

"Desiring to be remembered to the members of your most excellent and your most esteemed family, in all grateful love and all high regard,

"I remain forever,

"YOUR MOST OBLIGED FRIEND AND SERVANT."

* * * *

Do tell me, Mr. Dean, did I say too much to the President or should I not have written him at all?

Yesterday at a special dinner, given in honor of some one at this hotel, my name came up, it seems, in connection with the President's letter, Mr. Clay's, Mr. Houston's, and others, which they had all read about; and before rising from the table, Mr. Marquand, of Brooklyn, proposed that they should one and all repair to the drawing-room, ask to see the lady and treat themselves to copies of her little work, "A Place in Thy Memory." Nearly all the ladies and many gentlemen of the house were in the drawing-room when they entered; and Mr. Mixer, the landlord, coming over, pre-

sented to me a perfect stranger, as I supposed, but who proved to be the veritable Mr. Marquand whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Mrs. A. S. Barnes' New Year's reception a year ago, and spoken of in my letter of that day as "the polished Marquand," then just home from Europe, and now putting out his hand so beautifully to me here. Other presentations followed, then Mr. Mixer said:

"These gentlemen, Mrs. De Kroyft, have read of your little work and are desirous, every one, of becoming the happy owner of a copy."

Minnie ran up to our room for them, and as it happened, found Mrs. Walters' colored boy waiting at the door with her card and bouquet, who came down with the little books in his arms. Minnie had the book of names, headed by Mr. Clay, the President, Senators and so forth, in which every one was pleased to add his autograph. It took Mr. Mixer and Mr. Marquand all the time to make change while the colored boy went flying up and down the stairs for the books until the last one was gone—one hundred in less than an hour. The ladies all joined in, took copies and wrote their names like the rest; and Minnie said that they laughed all around their faces and they all seemed so happy too.

A Baltimore gentleman, who had read the little book, and remembering what I say in it about a cottage for myself some day among the trees, said to me low:

"Your cottage is going up rapidly now, madam."

"Yes, indeed," I replied, "the angels themselves have taken it in hand;" which he repeated much to the amusement of the others. Love, though, is swift-winged, and even there, Mr. Dean, while this stranger was speaking, my thoughts were busy lighting new lights in a far-away cottage that is. I saw in its stead a larger and

worthier home rising for the sweet mother and the dear father to welcome back their absent ones from school in. Verily, what is to be we have a tendency to; and here again you see, as everywhere, even while the hand was being filled from the great dark *unseen*, the thoughts like invisible messengers came to bear it away —exactly as it was in the *vision*, forever gathering, gathering, but never possessing.

After it was all over, going up to my room, Mrs. Captain Anderson, of Florida, overtook me, and pausing at the top of the stairs, she unclasped a beautiful mourning bracelet from her sweet arm and fastened it tenderly upon mine, charging me to wear it, a keepsake from her dear self. So even from the rising of the morning until the stars appear, Charleston is just so lovely and beautiful and good. It seems that the sun can never set among these palmettoes and they must have day always, so much of heaven is here. Music, music, everywhere! Music when you go to sleep; music the first thing in the morning, and then come love and smiles and kisses all the day; and flowers, flowers so full of odors that they seem almost to breathe! This morning Mrs. Andrew Turnbull came with her carriage and took us six or eight miles into the country. Minnie clapped her little hands all the way at sight of the immense trees so beautifully festooned with moss and garlanded with the Cherokee rose, which runs through the forests here like a cord of love, binding the trees all into a beautiful brotherhood and wreathing them o'er and o'er with white and yellow blossoms.

Before leaving Washington, Mrs. Shubrick whispered:

“The Commodore has been writing his friends in Charleston in a way to secure you a very cordial reception among them, I think.” And, oh! Mr. Dean, the

very first day after my arrival a servant brought up to my room a little tray of cards with all these beautiful names upon them. First, Colonel Isaac Hayne, Mrs. Hayne and their daughter, Miss Hattie; Captain Shubrick and lady; Miss Trapier, sister to Mrs. Hayne, and her brother, Reverend Paul Trapier, a very *Fenelon* in spirit.

One has said that an Episcopalian always carries the creed in his voice; then a minister might be expected to have the litany also. At all events, there was no mistaking Reverend Paul Trapier for other than an Episcopal clergyman; and seeing no better way of interesting him, I asked about his parish or the location of his church, expecting him to name St. Peter's, St. Paul's or some other of the most aristocratic of the city. Then imagine my surprise when he replied:

"Mine is only a Mission Church, madam, devoted exclusively to the colored people of Charleston."

"Yes," exclaimed Miss Hattie, "and uncle built it all himself, and he teaches the people there every Sunday from early morning until night, and auntie helps him, too, in the Sunday School."

"And Miss Hattie also in the singing, does she not?" the uncle rejoined.

"But I thought the negroes were not allowed to read!" I said.

"No," Mr. Trapier answered, "they are not. It all has to be taught them orally."

Rising to leave, Mrs. Hayne and the Colonel arranged that we were to pass an evening with them the coming week, when Mrs. Hayne said:

"We shall try to have the pleasure of introducing you to all of Uncle Shubrick's relatives, for Charleston is the Commodore's dear old home."

"Our number is not quite *Legion*," added the Colonel.

"Nevertheless a host in themselves, Colonel Hayne will allow me to think," I said.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Captain Shubrick, "we do surely represent the Army, the Church and the Navy."

Miss Trapier, taking my hand, said:

"If you would like to attend brother's church next Sunday, I shall be very happy to call for you and your little friend." And, oh! Mr. Dean, not to have heard those sable Africans go through all the Service, the chants and all, depending upon no book, is never to know one half how beautiful and how heart-mending the Episcopal Service may be; just as never to have dined and passed an evening at the home of Colonel Isaac Hayne is never to know how lovely the people of Charleston can entertain.

Among my letters from Washington, one was to Doctor and Mrs. Gilman, who lost no time calling; and having read everything Mrs. Gilman had published up to the time of losing my eyes, as you can imagine, it was like an old acquaintance revived meeting her here. The first time they called, a gentleman came with them who was at the President's the evening I had the pleasure of accompanying Mrs. Moore and the Commodore; and almost the first thing he said to me was:

"Excuse me, but when I met you last, madam, you had the arm of the most beautiful lady at the capital this winter—Mrs. Commodore Moore."

"Ah!" I replied, "no wonder you thought so, seeing her ladyship playing angel so beautifully to me that evening." But hardly waiting for my last word, turning to the Doctor he exclaimed:

"Upon my honor, Doctor, the head-dress Mrs. Moore

wore that evening was the most becoming thing I ever saw on a lady!"—a matter in which a reverend doctor is hardly supposed to be *au fait*. Still, he seemed all interest, and Mrs. Gilman was indulgent enough to talk right along as though she might have found in it the theme for a new poem.

Returning their call, I had the pleasure of meeting there Miss Fredrika Bremer and the distant relative, Mrs. Howland, with whom she is stopping here, both of whom left their cards on me the next afternoon. I was out, but returned their call that evening, and we were hardly seated when Miss Bremer, still holding my hand in that sweet little one of hers, exclaimed in her broken English:

"Vat von lovely compliment you have pay me in your book dat Mrs. Gilman have present to me, with about me marked!"

The next morning Miss Bremer was to leave, and by the kindness of Mrs. Howland I was invited to breakfast with them at seven o'clock as the steamer left at eight. It rained fearfully, though, and the hackman, whom we had engaged the night before, failed to get us there in time. But as it happened, Miss Bremer was left by the boat, and up through the rain came the loveliest note and bouquet inviting me to dine with her and pass the afternoon as she would not leave then until the next morning, for which Minnie seemed really sorry. We went however, and had the pleasure of meeting a starry little party of ladies, among whom Mrs. Caroline Gilman and Miss Fredrika Bremer, of Sweden, of course, ranked *first magnitude*. At our first meeting, Minnie pronounced Miss Bremer the homeliest lady she had ever seen. To-day, though, at the dinner she said to me:

"If you could see Miss Bremer now you would think her really beautiful." Then I imagined those Norland eyes of hers all ablaze with the high thought she was expressing, the subject of conversation being the noble Hypatia and the scholarship accessible to the women of her time.

Mrs. Howland and her daughters, it seems, were travelling in Norway and Sweden not long since, and their meeting Miss Bremer there resulted in her visit to America, and our pleasant interview with her that day.

"So we are led," remarked Mrs. Howland, "and I only hope we may at last make a circle in the beautiful home above," to which Miss Bremer replied in her positive way:

"No; you may all have dat mingled heaven vat you so much desire, but I must have von little star all by myself. Sometimes I vill give invitations and—vat you call it?—*pick-nicks?*—and den I must be retired again."

"That is fair," I replied, "and we will petition for the author of 'The Neighbors' the brightest star in all the heavenly borders only so she continue to write books there for her sister spirits in other lands, the same as now," which elicited a general laugh; and making it the signal for rising, Miss Bremer gave me her arm to the drawing-room where, dropping down by my side, she asked:

"Have you ever read 'King René's Daughter,' madam? The young princess was blind. I forgot her name, but it is one of the finest dramas in the world."

Dear Mr. Dean, if trying to tell you everything, as was your very emphatic charge, I weary you, it is because so much has been crowded into these few little

weeks, all too beautiful to leave out ; and yet I have not seemingly told you the half.

To-morrow I turn back North, and after the long-promised visit with my friend, Mrs. Hardy, at Norfolk, I make a little stop in Washington and then on to New York, whence, before commencing another tour with the little books, I go to "Stone Cottage" for a visit with my parents and the six absent ones who will be home then from their first half year away at school. After which, peradventure, I go West or farther North until autumn winds blow and the birds take wing ; then I come again South, over all of whose sunny lands the way has been so beautifully set along with lights and friends and flowers by the President's letter.

* * * *

To

Mr. Nicholas Dean,
New York.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HOME OF "EVANGELINE."

Boston, October, 1850.

HARDLY a word to you, dear Mrs. Nott, since my first day out from New York with the little books. Having a package of letters from Mr. Dean to his friends in Washington, his charge to write him everything that transpired to me there seemed imperative. Besides, no day in all my journey South was ever long enough for the half I had to do. And now it is just so here. The little books themselves are *wands* that evoke demands incessant. Then add to that the little army of letters I had to deliver, every one of which has brought me a friend, and some a dozen or more—ten of them from Dr. Bellows, of New York, to distinguished clergymen in and around Boston—Gannett, Peabody, Bartoll, Waterston, Huntington and others, whose very shadows have proven honors that have lighted all the days, even as their kindnesses have paved with blessing every step of the way. Dr. Parkman, one of them, has just been in for five copies more of the little book. I tried to have him let Josey take them to his place.

"No, no," he said, "I have use for them on the way."

Meantime the editors in Boston have been doing for the little book and its author exactly what the editors did in Washington, Charleston and New York. Some of them have added to their notices a copy of the Presi-

dent's beautiful letter with the immortal "Z. Taylor" at its margin. I withheld it from publication from sheer fear of making too familiar with His Excellency's favor, until reaching New York my editor friend of the *Commercial Advertiser* argued that it was hardly polite to the kindness of the President not to use his letter; and the next morning it appeared with a very graceful preface from himself.

Ah! coming down the steps of the Blind Institute that bleak winter morning with Minnie's little hand on my arm, going out into the wide world everywhere to introduce my own work, how little I dreamed that ere I should leave the first place, Washington, Major-General Taylor, President of the United States, would put his brave hand as from out the clouds, and invoke in my behalf the kindly offices of all his friends in the stranger land I had hardly the courage to enter. True, I had a little package of letters, including one to Mr. Clay, leading almost up to the head of the Capitol. The most I hoped from them, though, was peradventure to find in each a purchaser of the little book. But, dear Mrs. Nott, the Lord Himself is in it all, and His angels began a long way back to mark out the lines my steps have been falling in.

Mr. Sargent, to whom I brought a letter from the *Commercial Advertiser*, never tires saying pleasant things in his paper, more avoiding than referring to the bereavement of my wedding day and the loss of my eyes, as if he knew how painful it must be for me to be hearing it over and over.

The letter I had to Dr. Newell, of Cambridge, secured me a visit with Mr. Longfellow, the poet, at his venerable mansion, so dear from its associations of the Revolution.

We found the great poet in one of those illusory moods which disposes one to be pleased with almost everything. Meeting us at the door he gave me his arm to the library, a large pleasant room. We were hardly seated when he said:

“Here I am wont to receive *my choice spirits.*”

I thanked him for the compliment, and remarked that I was exceedingly happy to meet the author of that holy thing, “The Psalm of Life,” although I had not the pleasure of seeing him.

“Excuse me, my friend,” he replied, “but in one sense I imagine that you see far more clearly for not seeing. At least I am conscious here of another spirit looking in upon mine very searchingly”—which he said reminded him of an Italian officer who lost his eyes in battle, and when old and infirm conceived the idea that he could not die without seeing Petrarch, whose poems had done so much to warm his heart and fringe with light the wings to his fancies through all his dark years. So, persuading his son to accompany him they set off for Naples; but behold! when the old man and his son arrived there, Petrarch had gone to Rome. However, they journeyed on long, weary days, but when reaching Rome found that Petrarch had been crowned poet laureate and gone into the country. The old man’s disappointment was then indeed sore; but the son assured him that they had now gone too far ever to return and they might as well wander on.

And so at last they came into the presence of Petrarch, and when the old man had felt his face over and passed his hands down over his shoulders, he knelt at his feet and lifted up his voice in thanks that he had lived to *see* the man who had given light to his thoughts so many dark years. The bystanders laughed at his

thanking God for *seeing* Petrarch when he had no eyes at all! Then the worshipful old pilgrim cried aloud:

"Petrarch, I leave it to you: Do I not *see* you?" Moved to tears and resting his hand tenderly upon the bald head of the old man, Petrarch with trembling voice exclaimed:

"Sire, no other man has ever *seen* Petrarch *but you!*"

"No, indeed," he added, "we do not need our eyes to appreciate the excellences and attractions of others, but like beautiful visions they often come to us best with our eyes closed."

Mr. Longfellow converses quite as lovely as he writes, and you listen to him with the more pleasure because whatever he says himself he always so happily leaves something for you to say.

Taking it for granted that he had seen at least some of the notices of myself and the little book in the papers, some quoting the President's letter, others copying from the New York papers, and others making new ones, I talked with him the more freely, referring to persons and their places as they occurred, until suddenly he asked:

"Does visiting different places give you pleasure now?"

"Certainly," I replied, "a new locality now is as much a new world to me as when I saw."

"I should imagine so," he replied. "But, excuse me, do you make visiting different places of no other interest to you than merely a new locality? I have conceived the idea that you write"—by which I saw that he had no idea of the purport of my visit to Boston, and I answered frankly:

"Yes, Mr. Longfellow, as Dr. Young says, 'Employment is the chariot wheel of the soul,' and aided by the

inspiration that comes of necessity, I have written one little volume and engaged personally in the sale of it. In other words: I give the world a copy of it, and the world gives me a dollar instead." I was wondering what he was thinking when, covering my hand kindly with his, he said:

"God bless you, my child! I understand it perfectly; and I see plainly enough, too, that the mind which has written that one little volume should write many volumes; and certainly you must allow me to have a copy of this first one."

"Oh! no, Mr. Longfellow," I said; "to your great world-feeding mind, my one little ewe lamb of a book would be hardly more than a primer. Besides," I added, rising to depart, "I am thinking how sadly out of place the poor thing would find itself here in the home of 'Evangeline' and the 'Hyperion,' to say nothing of their thousand and one illustrious companions." However, I promised to send him a copy of "A Place in Thy Memory" if only for the little petition couched in its title; and a few days after had the pleasure of receiving from his lyric pen a note with the promise of a call. The note was full of praise and I shall keep it ever; but when he came to make the call I was out, as I seem always destined to be when any starry thing seeks me.

* * *

To

*Mrs. Dr. Nott,
Union College,
'Schenectady, N. Y.*

CHAPTER XII.

QUEEN OF SONG.

Boston, October, 1850.

How like a dream of wonder is the way the little books are going! Twenty-five were taken from the hotel office yesterday, and this morning before we were dressed, even, the bell-boy was up rapping for more. And so they go, go, never less than thirty a day and sometimes fifty, beside what all the book-stores are doing. From nine till three I devote exclusively to introducing them—Annie for eyes and Josey to carry the books. It is toil, it is labor, but that is just what I have been longing for ever since the angels veiled down my eyes; and now I have not only something to do, but something to do that looks to beautiful results.

But, sisters mine, how long I have had to wait for letters this time! If not the usual notes that let you know every day exactly where I am, those containing something more than sweet words should surely have been acknowledged ere this. Anything appertaining to *monnaied affairs* can never be delayed without causing worry or trouble to some one. Imagination is the white-winged angel of the soul by which we come quick to a knowledge of the wants or anxieties of others; besides, my dear ones, never to cause others worry or care is only another way of doing them good.

We are going this evening to hear Jenny Lind again;

and now I must tell you about my visit to her as I promised. Her suite of rooms extends to within a few doors of mine. Her little Swede page brought me her pretty card which you may be sure I was very proud to receive when every day so many hundreds are obliged to go away without the pleasure of even beholding her sweet face. She received me at the door, and with that dear hand of hers that has dispensed good to so many led me to her "chair of country," as she first called it, then quick: "No, my chair of state." It was made here in express compliment to the Queen of Song, a bower of satin and roses, rich enough for Victoria herself. Dear Jenny dropped down beside me and laying her soft hand upon mine, said low: "Come, dear, tell me all about it—how did you lose your sight? What made the light leave your eyes? It seems that you should see—you look so you do."

"I do not know," I replied. "I had wept, perhaps, too long, and when at last I slept and awoke the day was no more."

"Oh, Father of Light!" she exclaimed, lifting up her white hands in pity and amazement. Then she continued: "I have seen you pass through the hall many times and I wished to talk with you—you look so cheerful always."

I smiled, saying: "That is because I am always remembering your song!"

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "then you have heard me sing? So you like music?"

"Exceedingly," I replied. "Music is my morning, and I have never been quite so near heaven as when I went up on the wing of your 'Bird Song' at your first concert in New York. One note higher and I should have gone in!"

"Ha! ha!" she laughed. "Then you shall hear me sing so long as I sing in America. I will send you and your little friend tickets, and my secretary shall bring you and take you home in my carriage, if you please, wherever I shall be."

"Oh! thank you, thank you, dear Jenny Lind," I replied. "I could never have imagined such a favor!"

"Oh! it is nothing at all—but excuse me one moment," she said, running to meet some people who were entering. They were a mixed company, one Italian, two Germans, and an English gentleman and lady. She conversed with them all in their separate tongues with perfect ease. Then a party of French people were announced, with whom she was also perfectly at home, using their language as if it were her own. Then a Swedish servant girl entered.

"Oh! excuse me again," said Jenny, "there comes one from my own country;" and in a moment Jenny was kissing her and talking to her so earnestly. She desired her to remain, but the girl excused herself saying that her mistress would be expecting her at four o'clock.

"Then you shall get excused to-morrow and come and spend the day with me; and I will take you to my concert to-morrow evening." The girl could not speak, but Annie says she looked as though she had been invited to heaven. I rose several times to leave, but the dear queen laid her hand on my shoulder so affectionately, saying: "No, no! I wish to talk with you more."

At last a benign old gentleman, a doctor from near Boston, came and oh! how beautifully he introduced himself to Jenny Lind, telling her that he had come to interest her, if possible, in a little lame orphan girl whose musical powers astonish all who hear her.

"You are very kind," said Jenny, "but I have so many

and such constant demands that I cannot possibly attend to them all. I give so much to my secretary to distribute and so much to the Mayor of every city, and that is all I can do."

"Certainly," said the good doctor, "but a little saved from them and dropped into the lap of this little girl might give to the world *another Jenny Lind*."

"But, I cannot give all avay. You do not give all avay—you keep something for yourself, I must keep something for myself."

"Well, then," said the gentleman, "this little girl will have to go on playing with her kitten and mocking the birds."

"No, no," said dear Jenny, as if her whole mind had changed in a moment, "to-morrow—say nine o'clock—you shall bring the little girl and I vill hear her sing, and then I tell you vat I do."

"Enough!" said the good doctor. "God bless you! I will not detain you another moment."

Jenny Lind kissed me good-bye, saying:

"I am coming to see you"—the angel! and to-night we are to hear her sing. Annie is crazy with delight, but oh! my darlings, would I could seat you all in my place. You shall hear her next summer, though, when she comes to Rochester.

The names on the trunks tell which ones they are for. The contents also are labelled for each and every one—the drab and blue for the heads of gold and the eyes of blue, while the darker eyes will doubtless be equally well pleased.

Ah! here comes a letter in six parts, each signed by a name so dear that it is almost a letter of itself; even little brother has added his precious line at the margin. Now the skies may wear all their stars, the earth wreathes

herself in flowers, and I have in this letter love brighter and sweeter than they all. Oh! but for these dear letters from far away I had no hope, no light, no love; but in them I find dear embraces, soft white arms around my neck, joyous greetings and tearful kisses. Oh! they are pictures of home, dear sweet home, where father and mother smile and *all* hope and love and pray.

“Stone Cottage!” How that name turns even this palace-hotel to gloom! How mean all its grandeurs grow compared with that love-lighted and love-hallowed home!

Father writes that since old Mr. A—— is gone, the son threatens to raise the rent on the house and the mill; but I tell him that is perhaps the way the angels are taking to make him pull up his stakes and, like Abraham, go to pitch his tent amid larger and greener fields, and possibly have there a mill of his own.

* * * *

To

*My Sisters,
Allen Seminary,
Rochester, N. Y.*

CHAPTER XIII.

ALL IMMORTALS.

Boston, October, 1850.

IN place of cloud and threatening rain the sun should have been shining even brighter than his wont on that glad morning when so many bright faces were quitting “Stone Cottage” again for school. Contradiction, though, runs in the veins of all things. The angels, even, smile while they weep, and doubtless sweet mother’s kisses were all dewy with tears, and father’s smile as he lifted one after another into the old stage told as much of regret as of blessing and good-bye. But the sixteen miles’ ride to the city, ending with the greetings of teachers, books, pianos, easels, and so on and so on, were doubtless enough to drown all from your young hearts save study, study, study.

One of my letters from Dr. Bellows was to Mrs. George M. Lee, the lady who wrote “The Old Painters” that I send you. Josey, a little lad of fourteen that I brought from New York, delivered the letter with my card, and the same afternoon Mrs. Lee and her daughter called. I was out, but two days after she sent the sweetest little note in the world, inviting me to pass the evening at her residence and bring my two little escorts, Annie and Josey. Mrs. Lee received me very affectionately, pressed my hand and kissed me, I thought, with a tear on her cheek. Looking me full in the face she said:

"You are much younger than I supposed." Her sister, Mrs. Schuyler, of New York, Mrs. Bigelow and many other ladies and gentlemen were presented; then Mrs. Lee gave me her arm to a *tête-à-tête* on the opposite side of the room.

"Come over here with me," she said, "I am going to have you all to myself awhile. There! you sit that side —my left ear is the best!"

Mrs. Lee is a tall large lady, quite deaf but exceedingly cheerful and at times buoyant, more like a lady of thirty than sixty. After a little she said to me:

"You have Amin Bey, the Turkish Ambassador, stopping at your hotel?"

"Yes," I replied, "and he is quite the star, he is so chivalrous, especially to the unmarried ladies."

"Ha! ha!" she laughed, "the sly dog! I am coming to call on his Ambassadorship and make him give me the names of all his wives. Do you know how many he has?"

"No," I replied, "though rumor says *six*; but the little Armenian, his interpreter, affirms that he has only one, and he loves her so very dearly that if every ship does not bring him a letter he is moody for a week."

Observing Annie and Josey sitting quiet she ran to them, saying:

"Come here, my little friends. This is my cabinet, you see, where you will find curiosities enough to amuse you longer than one evening, for it has taken a pretty good long lifetime to gather them."

Mrs. Schuyler and Mrs. Bigelow joined me. Feeling how little I had to entertain them with, I sought to maintain the part of listener, which is, though, by no means always the easiest part, for they who talk are

at liberty to introduce whatever topics they please, when listening intelligently becomes much like allowing others to select your music, expecting you to play whatever they are pleased to place before you. It is better then to talk at least one's own share of the time if only to keep the subjects within the range of one's own acquaintance.

A large supper table was spread at which all were seated, Mrs. Lee's lovely daughter, Mrs. Bryant, at my right, and an elderly gentleman at my left, whose quaint remarks kept all around him laughing. Indeed, the whole party seemed more like a company of French people than *sober Bostonians!* All talked and all laughed till it was impossible to say who was gayest or most brilliant. Mrs. Lee undertook to tell me who were poets, who were orators, and who were authors, until finally she said: "I may as well dub them all *immortals* and let them go!"—to which the gentleman at my left added the story of an Irishman who, when told that the two busts before him were of Sir Isaac Newton and Laplace, replied:

"Och! sure, and myself was after toking them for greater men nor-r that!" You can imagine the laugh.

After supper Mrs. Lee took me to pass a little time with her relics, which she handled and praised as if they were gifts of cherished friends.

"They are all doubtless set around with many pleasant associations to you?" I said.

"Oh! yes," she exclaimed; "I gathered most of them while abroad years ago—some from the ruins of Etruria and ancient Rome." She then placed in my hand a little cup carved from the wood of a tree which Tasso planted, and another from a tree that grew on Olivet.

The days fly swiftly in this "Revere House" crowded

with visitors from every part of the land to hear Jenny Lind; but not many had elapsed before one evening the card of Mrs. George M. Lee was sent in. I was in the back parlor with a lovely little company of newly made acquaintances sitting around, and among them two of Mrs. Lee's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Buckingham, of Norwich. Seeing me seated with them she followed her card right along, and had hardly more than been presented to the others when the Turkish Ambassador, Amin Bey, and his little Armenian interpreter entered the drawing-room, and nothing would do but she must make his acquaintance also.

"Quick! you know him," she said. "Call him this way—it will be the event of the season to speak to him. I want to ask him how many wives he has!"

With one's eyes that were a little thing to do, but with nothing visible but a glimmer of the gas above—ah! Still, seizing Annie's little hand I went quickly over to him and through the interpreter begging his pardon I said:

"My friend, Mrs. Lee, a great authoress and who has travelled much in Asia and Europe, has been to Alexandria and Egypt, Constantinople and to Jerusalem, the Holy Land, desires the pleasure of speaking with His Excellency, Sir Amin Bey; and she says she wants him to tell her *truly* what he has denied us all: how many wives he has"—which made the Bey almost laugh while he gave me his arm with real alacrity, the little Armenian keeping the other side, repeating so nearly instanter whatever was said that he seemed to hear it with his own ears.

The Bey was acquainted with all the others present, and what a merry time we were having when Mr. Stevens, the proprietor of the hotel, came in with Mayor

Bigelow and two of the City Council who had been up to call on Jenny Lind and desired to be presented to the blind authoress about whom and her little book the papers were saying so much.

With this I send you a box of books addressed to Julia, but the books are to you all jointly. Love them, my dear sisters, for my sake and read them for your own. Their beauties no time can fade and their treasures no hand can steal. Lock them away then in your pure minds where, like diamonds, they will shine in their own light, and like pearls shed sweet lustre over all your lives.

The largest and perhaps the most important volume is the "History of Rome" which, like a good *genie*, will transport you to its ancient streets, where your eyes may look on that wonder of the world, "St. Peter's," with its memories of centuries, whose very pavement is a study and every pillar and statue a marble poem; in whose spacious dome, too, fifteen hundred feet above the ground, the State House, of Boston, with its corners a little lopped off, might be twirled around as a boy rolls an apple in his hat! Think of that, my dear ones, and you will not wonder at the traveller who pronounces it "the embodiment of all that man can do"—and the Coliseum, too, which you might think the heart of some great mountain with its dirt washed away by the rains and its rocky sides worn smooth by the hand of time. Indeed, this *genie book* will play the *Corinne* to you so delightfully that, like Moore, you will be almost unable to distinguish those places you have read about from those that you have really visited. One part I know will interest you—"the Thousand Galleries." But Rome is altogether a feast, a mighty banquet which the genius and power of man have been thousands of years pre-

paring, and now this book invites you to its million courses of beauty and grandeur by spreading before you its never ending varieties of art and learned device.

* * * *

To

My Sisters,

Allen Seminary,

Rochester, N. Y.

CHAPTER XIV.

MY BETTER DAYS.

Salem, November, 1850.

You begged me to share with you whatever should afford me pleasure during my sojourn in "The Athens of America" as I did your father from the South; but chink the moments as I would, there was only time in Boston for Boston and the little books, over three thousand copies of which lie scattered among her beautiful homes. There I made my first deposit in the bank of three hundred dollars, a corner stone to my cottage unless some good angel come by night to dig it up, seeing it better that I should wander on, on, on, even as foreshadowed in that *vision*, now seven summers agone.

We have just arrived at this little lonely hotel. Annie has been telling me how the setting sun is glowing upon the hills yonder, and now she is peeping about our new room.

"Oh! cotton sheets!" she exclaims, "with the name, hotel, State and town all on just like a line of words in a spelling book. What a closet, too—deep as your hand—and such a little washstand with only two bits of towels! Oh! how dreary it is—I wish the fire would burn. And just listen to this bell card: 'Yerk it once gently, and if not answered immediately, yerk it agin.—No schoolmasters in this place surely!'"

"Hung perhaps with the witches," I suggested. A moment ago she closed the blinds and now she is opening them again. Now walking the floor talking half to herself and half to me:

"Pray, what will Mr. B—— think of me? I saw him from the parlor window and he motioned that he was coming up; but just then that old porter there had to scream out: 'All aboard for the cars, not a minute to lose!' But that is the way with this world—always just escaping pleasure."

Meantime, with all around as Annie has described it, with my feet on the fender and the fire muttering slowly, I have seized my card wherewith to write you. And ah! in contrast to her mood, how the soul in me is hoping, hoping—hoping hopes whose beginnings, even, make glad assurance of their fruition. Still, all that inspires is not hope, and all that teaches to endure is not courage. No, necessity is the lever that moves many, and necessity is evermore to move me while, like a sunless planet, my heart goes on beating its rounds through the starless years counting each a century.

In Boston your noble friend, Mr. William R. Deane, was all and ten thousand times more than all that you could possibly have imagined, the eloquence of his pen, even, hardly equalling the many other ways he had of winning favor for the little book and its author. When he called, I tried to retaliate upon your very flattering letter with praises of you; but his brilliant compliments to your ladyship soon made me blush for the attempt. Indeed, you are quite his *beau ideal* of a woman—"fearlessly sincere"—"splendidly independent"—"so surprisingly intelligent"—as you surely are, love. I could hear others praise you forever, setting my best compliments for theirs to run up on. One thing he

does not know: half how unselfish you are. That is known only to those who live by you and day by day watch your self-sacrifices and your efforts to turn gladness into the hearts of others and scatter comforts in their way. The blood of your noble ancestor, Sir William Dean, must have struck an obstacle when it reached your toes and flowed backward filling all your soul with the purple tides of thought and feeling.

Mr. William R. and Mr. Nicholas Dean are unlike and yet they are alike, and I am not surprised at their friendship for each other. At his last call he desired to be remembered to your dear self and the *Duke of York*, as he is wont to style your noble father. At his last visit, too, he left with me a package of letters which I am to have the pleasure of delivering here and from which you shall hear, my dear one, anon.

Now ten days have elapsed since the above. One of your friend's letters was to the Rev. Dr. Thompson, who seemed to know at once a thousand ways in which he could serve me.

"First," he said, "I must go and see the editors. They must notice your book beautifully, and to be sure that they do so I shall write the notices myself—ha! ha!" Then seizing a pen he wrote the names of all the principal personages here, principal places, etc., directing Annie twenty times over where to find them; then rang the bell and ordered the directory, and by its help gave us seemingly a key to the whole town and everybody in it. And when he had estimated about how many copies of "A Place in Thy Memory" would be taken here he positively rubbed his hands with delight at the bare idea of so many dollars lying snugly away in my purse. Ah! Dr. and Mrs. Thompson are such friends as one likes to meet in a strange place. Dr. and Mrs. Prince,

too, have been lovely; but oh! the ladies of Salem are all fully as pleasant as the gentlemen of Boston. For many of them there is no word but *elegant!* Some have been abroad, but intelligence and refinement make the light of *all* their homes. Annie says they are beautiful too.

Among them, though, Mrs. Mayor Webb has been my good angel. Thanksgiving eve she called, and with her invitation to dine the next day with her and the Mayor and a few of their friends, she placed in my hands a beautiful pearl portemonnaie containing five gold eagles.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "have my better days indeed come like Job's when 'every one gave him also a piece of money and an earring of gold?'" And when I would have kissed her and thanked her, she said:

"Oh! no, not me. It is from my dear cousin, Mrs. Robinson"—whom I had not then so much as met.

Oh! just think of it! Fifty dollars, all a present from one lady! Would I could hang some new light in her sky and bend over her heart some promise of brighter joys! But the memory of such a deed is itself a light, a lamp in the soul's temple that goeth not out. Like mine, her heart has been bereft. She has a lovely little son left to her, though, her bright eyes and fortune beside.

Salem must have come from the oriental salutation "Salaam," *safety* or *peace*; and that it is so, is perhaps owing to its being so largely a woman's city, the men nearly all doing business in Boston and at home only at morn and at eve.

In Boston I only called upon a few of the ladies, one of them a dear Mrs. Otis. After we came in Annie could not make the moneys answer to the number of books we had taken out until at last she exclaimed:

"Oh! I know—that dear Mrs. Otis paid four quarters for hers, and I thought the edges of them did not look all alike; and do you see?—one of those four quarters was this gold piece that I cannot account for."

"Oh! then," I said, "you must go back with it—it was a mistake."

"No, no. She knew what she was doing, the sweet thing; and I wondered then at the droll smile on her face when she saw me shut the portemonnaie; and I wondered, too, that she put them so deep down in instead of dropping them. But now I can see. It was all to keep me from knowing what she was doing."

* * * *

To

*Mrs. Augusta Dean Buckley,
Dunkirk, N. Y.*

CHAPTER XV.

A LONG WAY YET.

Portland, Me., December, 1850.

BARRED from all objects of sight, new places were of little avail to me but for the friends I meet. In one of his letters to a Boston minister Mr. Bellows said:

"Mrs. De Kroyft wants few friends but many purchasers." Here, though, the purchasers have not only been many but the friends also, and ah! how like magic the little books have been disappearing among them! Portland is altogether a lively city. The people walk rapidly, drive fast and talk fluently, while from the abundance of their cordiality one would sooner think them from the far South than this far North. From New York to Portsmouth I often marvelled that so few of the comparatively rich kept a carriage. Here, though, no well-to-do establishment is without one, and if to dine or pass an evening scarce five blocks away you are sent for and set down at your hotel again.

Your most gracious letter containing a note of introduction to the Hon. Wm. Appleton reached me a few days before my departure from Boston, but having previously presented him one from a Saratoga lady, I forbore favoring him with yours, dear Mrs. Shubrick, preferring rather to keep it as a memento of your own beautiful friendship.

How sad, how fearfully sad, that our good President

is no more! Washington must be desolate, indeed, with his departure echoing through all her borders. The last time I had the pleasure of speaking with His Excellency, it was to thank him for all the honors and kindnesses he had shown me during my stay in Washington—and ah! who that knew Zachary Taylor had not something to thank him for?

En route from Charleston I went to make the long promised visit of a month with the Hardys, at their lovely place on the James opposite Norfolk. Three weeks passed in such a whirl of pleasure as to almost turn my night into day. Then Mrs. Hardy would have the publisher telegraphed for one hundred and fifty copies of "A Place in Thy Memory," and one morning ordering one hundred of them placed in the carriage, and taking sweet Minnie, her little Missy and myself in and telling the coachman where to stop, we crossed the river to one of the finest streets of residences in the city. Stopping as ordered, the footman came to the carriage door.

"Here," she said, "take this with Missus' card, ring the bell and hand it in, and say that Missus will be back in about an hour for the little book or the pay, one dollar." Then the next and the next, some following the boy right back, taking two, three or five until fifty of the books were gone; and then crossing the street and coming down on the opposite side did the same until fifty more were gone.

"There now," she said, "we will begin to collect;" and crossing back to where we left the first one, the footman had hardly rung when the lady opened the door and came down to the carriage herself with the money in her hand. Nothing would do, though, but we must go up and have refreshments, as many of

the others had invited us to do. Cake, coffee and wine were served, and what a cheery, bright little visit we had, ending with her promise to come with her husband and dine and pass the next evening at "Riverside." So on we went, not one handing back the book in place of the money until the whole hundred dollars had been collected.

At the residence of one dear old lady who is very deaf we all alighted, Mrs. Hardy having promised to bring me there. Entering the large parlor adjoining her *boudoir* Mrs. Hardy was leading me over to a seat near the bow window when she exclaimed:

"Ah! there is your little book now lying on the dear old lady's table." Taking it up and turning the leaves she added:

"Well, this is a tribute indeed! Hardly a page that is not marked and lined over and over! If Cowper thought it fame to find a worn copy of his poems in a cotter's window, what would he think of this, and from one too whose education was not only finished in Europe but who has since solaced a long life with the best literature of three languages beside her own?"

No one knows the faults of that little volume better than I do, and I was wondering what such a mind could possibly have found in it to admire when the heavy doors rolled back and the Madam entered supported by the willing slave who, after travelling with her mistress over many lands returned and has since been ears to her through many years, and now at last a staff to the feet that move too slowly. Turning to approach her Mrs. Hardy said low:

"Oh! the majesty of that white head, and I do wish"—The Madam's cordial welcome stayed the rest while her first word gave me not only the direction of her face

but her height also, which so relieved the awkwardness of being presented without the eyes that, after pressing a kiss warm and loving upon my lips and drawing me down beside her upon the sofa, she said:

“Why, with what marvelous ease you carry your blindness!”

“That is all owing to my queenly escort,” I replied, referring to Mrs. Hardy. “Overshadowed by her wing one could hardly help moving with ease.”

“Ah!” she said, as if she had understood me—“and you have put such loveliness too into the lips of misfortune and made sorrow beautiful by clothing it in the light of another world.”

“That is so,” Mrs. Hardy responded leaning near, “and taught the world how to suffer while giving pleasure to others.”

“Yes indeed,” Madam said, “and as no one else has ever done, I think, naming tears even—bitter tears—‘the impearled dews of feeling gathered around a sorrowed heart.’ And again: ‘Dews of the night are diamonds at morn, so the tears we weep here may be pearls in heaven.’ My niece in Washington,” she continued, “sent me your little work last winter, and it has been my constant companion until I nearly know it by heart.” So talking along, suddenly she stopped and laying her hand on my arm she said feelingly:

“While I would give the world to listen I do all the talking myself, as my dear Mrs. Hardy here knows, just to save you the trouble of screaming to my deaf ears.” Then pressing my lips close to the ear next me, I said not over loud but distinctly:

“It is not so hard, I fancy, to have the walls to the house one lives in grow thick as to have all the windows to it darkened.”

"No, no," she replied, laughing, "but both are so hard that one may well doubt which is the harder."

She knew what we were abroad for that day, and after a little said:

"But I must not keep you longer. I want twelve copies of your sweet 'Place in Thy Memory'—one for each of my grandchildren." The maid called the footman and Mrs. Hardy told him to bring twelve copies of the little book from the carriage. But the wooley Archimedes, reduced to "Kim," was too astray in his mathematics that day to count correctly, and brought fifteen instead.

"Oh! that is all right," Madam exclaimed, "one for each of my three great-grand boys, three cousins, who have no grandparents and are coming to pass their first college vacation with their great-grandmama. The dear fellows! I had nearly forgotten them."

This reminded sweet Missy of a joy shut up in her little heart, and running to the Madam's side she screamed: "George and Tom are coming home then too, when their University is out."

"The dear lamb!" the Madam said, stooping to kiss the bright face. Then after the ladies had exchanged some words about the schools as to which has the best military drill, etc., the Madam, turning to me, remarked:

"I see by your book that you write with your own hand and I want you to put your name in each one of these for me. Can you without the card you speak of?"

"Oh! yes," I said, "if you have a rule or anything to place across the top of the page for me to write against." She had no rule, but using a table knife instead, I wrote my lengthy name for her in the whole fifteen as best I could. The pay was a twenty-dollar gold piece, and no change would be thought of. Then

with embraces cordial and words beautiful to remember we parted. Descending the steps I was repeating this from her lips:

“The stay has been long, but one in heaven is always awaiting my coming and you have that comfort also.” I was repeating it in my thoughts, but as if to explain Mrs. Hardy said :

“Up these very steps long years ago, in the prime of his life, her husband was borne a corpse, killed in a duel.”

The next morning taking the remaining fifty, minus the ten Mrs. Hardy would keep for herself, we did the same as with the hundred, only driving to residences more scattering or more remote, just wherever Mrs. Hardy’s circle of friends chanced to extend, which as I told her seemed to embrace the whole city.

Ah! how like you, dear Mrs. Shubrick, all that was—always taking away with you in the bottom of your carriage a package of the little books. Pray what did you do with them, or may none but you and the angels ever know? And how lovely of you now every time you drive to be looking for a little home for me somewhere in or around Washington. To be so near you were happiness, indeed, but I have a long, long way yet to wander, and very, very much to achieve ere they who watch in heaven will see it good for me to settle down to so much of rest and so much of pleasure.

I am sorry to hear that your dear eyes trouble you, but now that the good Commodore has come home from far over the sea and you have ceased watching and waiting, they will doubtless mend as the heart does when bathed in the smiles of those whom we love.

You did not come to Saratoga this summer as you thought. I went to sip from its Mohegan wells for a

week, and it would have islanded all my clouds with light to have found you and the good Commodore there, Dr. and Mrs. Clymer and their dear little May.

The morning before I left New York, the *Commercial Advertiser* had in it a lovely notice of my journey South ending with the President's letter; and that evening when I went on board the steamer, the captain recognized me and my little party at once. Giving me his arm to the ladies' cabin, I announced to him where I was going and introduced to him my two little escorts, Annie in the place of Minnie who had left me for a time, and the lad Josey who, fearing lest his office had not been fully understood by the Captain, said for himself:

"I look after the baggage, sir, and run the errands."

"Ha! ha!" the Captain laughed; "then you are the little courier!" Very soon we received tickets for state-room, meals, etc., with the most gallant commands of Captain Turrey to fear nothing, make ourselves perfectly at home.

In the morning at Troy we went up to the hotel, and how its worthy proprietor came to know me is more than I can imagine unless by the paper the same as the Captain; but when we had all breakfasted he came and asked if I were not the authoress of "*A Place in Thy Memory*," and begged the favor of a copy, complaining that he had not been able to find it in the book-stores.

"No," I said, "I took it from the trade soon after it appeared, the better to introduce it myself." I promised to send him one for which he readily gave me the money and the address, reading it himself: "Mr. Coleman, proprietor of the house," adding very modestly:

"Your bill, madam, is all settled, and we shall be most happy to see you here whenever you will be pleased to

come this way." If one have not honors to bestow nor favors to impart, the next best thing is to be their grateful recipient; and what could I do but thank him since as I once heard a sweet Quakeress say:

"Kindness, kindly bestowed, is the Lord's blessing, and no one can afford to turn it away."

In the parlor Dr. Guy, of Brooklyn, introduced himself and lady, took us under his escort to the depot where he asked to be excused a moment, ran up to the Superintendent's Office and returned with a *Complimentary* for myself and little party to Saratoga and back again. In the car he arranged the seats so that Annie and I sat opposite them, and lost in conversation the two hours sped like a dream pleasant to remember. They have a cottage at Saratoga to which their carriage had preceded them, and it meeting them at the dépôt the Doctor would have us all get in. I stopped at Union Hall whose proprietor, you remember, not long ago fell dead while preparing for church. Toward evening I sent for Mrs. Putnam, the landlady, and introducing myself to her engaged my room and Josey's little one off for a week. After tea in the drawing-room she presented me to many of the ladies, and very soon I came to know them all and many of the gentlemen.

One evening Mr. Mann, of New York, made me acquainted with his friend, Colonel Walworth of Arkansas; and oh! imagine my surprise when, dropping his hand tenderly upon my shoulder he exclaimed: "I, too, my child, am forever in the dark. The long gloomy way that you have just entered upon I have been travelling more years than you have lived even." And how I pitied him! Meeting Mr. Mann again, though, he said:

"My friend, the Colonel, is not only one of the richest men in all the South but one of the saddest."

"Ah! that is it," I replied. "He has nothing to do but mourn his privation."

"Yes," Mr. Mann said, "his fortune is his burden!"

"And could he not be persuaded to divide it up, then?" I asked. "Almost any one would be willing to carry a part of it for him!"

"Oh, no," he laughed; "that is not in his creed. Up at the Chancellor's, though, the other evening he gave a young lady who chanced to play and sing very much to his pleasure a diamond ring."

So, making new acquaintances, occasionally reviving one from the beautiful long ago and profiting not a little by the Congress waters, the week passed, and sending for my bill I had only fifteen dollars to pay, five dollars apiece. Descending the river, too, Captain Turrey was just as kind and polite as before.

But oh! will the world be always like that? Ah! no, no, my dear friend. This is but a little sunny opening to the long rough weary way, long since foreshadowed to my soul.

* * * *

To

*Mrs. Commodore Shubrick,
Washington, D. C.*

CHAPTER XVI.

HIS VENERABLE HEAD.

Richmond, Va., February, 1851.

ONE more city has been besieged and taken. In other words: One more city has turned back her gates to let the little book and its author pass in! But a thousand more will have done the same, and many long, long years of wanderings have been lived through, ere my heart lose its memory of Mrs. General Ashley and all the brilliant scenes to which her jewelled hand has been to me the "*Open Sesame.*" Indeed, since that evening at the National when your star first shone upon my darkness, I have been so blessed by your love and your friendship that it seems I should have been most unfortunate but for my misfortunes. Please let me thank you here also, dear Mrs. Ashley, for that very kind introduction to the Hon. Mr. Holmes of South Carolina, who did so much to make that last evening of mine in Washington pleasant. Captain Graham, too, was very attentive, and the Hon. Mr. Schenck, Colonel May, etc., etc. Toward the close of the evening I had a little promenade with General Scott, and referring to his visit to the Institution in New York, he said:

"So in your book you have put me down to the New World what Saul was to the old: 'Head and shoulders above all other men'—ha! ha! The unkind-

est cut of all, though, was to turn all our soldierly thanks into ridicule by quoting at us: ‘God takes no thanks for murder.’” He introduced me to his daughter and spoke of calling; but how sorry I was to tell him that I was to leave in the morning for Richmond.

In the refreshment room Governor Houston assured me that he should certainly sit up two hours after he returned home writing letters for me to his friends in Charleston, New Orleans and Texas—as he did, and the secretary brought them in the morning.

With her sweet good-night, dear Mrs. Paine transferred from her bosom to mine, by Mr. Clay’s request, a beautiful cross of his hair, he having allowed her to clip from his venerable head the gray threads for another; and as you can imagine, I was sorry not to see him again before leaving Washington, and more especially, too, as he expressed a wish to charge me with a letter to his friend, Mr. Downs of New Orleans. Colonel Paine accompanied me home. He tried several times to make his way through the crowd that I might have the sad pleasure of bidding you, my dear friend, good-night and good-bye, but finally said he would embrace the earliest opportunity of doing so for me, and present also my warmest thanks for the great pleasure of the evening.

Of all the sweet letters to your Richmond friends I delivered the one to Mrs. Colonel Payton first, and had the pleasure of a call from her and her daughter that very afternoon. To dear Mrs. Mason, though, I am most largely indebted for hospitality. Her first good office was an invitation for myself and my little Annie to her party given in honor of the members of the State Convention, of which you know the Judge is President. Miss Ellen Scott was one of the brilliant

company, and to say how much I owe her were to say how much I am indebted to the friend whose letter gained me her acquaintance. Mr. and Mrs. Gallaher, also, have been more devout and beautiful in their attentions than I have words to tell you—visits, parties, and helps in every way.

The honorable gentlemen of the Capitol have been exceedingly gracious—the Members and Senators all subscribed for copies. One day when a distinguished speaker of the Legislature had the floor, Mr. Imboden, who had gathered all their names, came over to where Annie and I were sitting with some ladies from the hotel and suggested that it would be a good time to deliver the books, as they were all present. Annie went out and sent the hotel porter to the express office for the books, who stopped with them in the hall by the door. Then Mr. Imboden gave a page the list, and he went around leaving one on each desk. In a few moments every honorable gentleman present had a red gilt book in his hand reading while the complacent speaker, still in the height of his argument with the perspiration rolling down his face, looked across at his worthy colleague, Mr. Imboden, then down at the little book on his own desk, smiled and went on with his speech.

Look at that, dear Mrs. Ashley! Was ever forbearance so beautiful? Why! it was enough to immortalize the speaker's oration, whatever it was, and make old Virginia herself giddy with pride for having given to the world such a company of gentlemen.

The next morning, though, Judge Mason, President of the State Convention, crowned all with his lofty indulgence—called the House to order, introduced the little book, breaking over it and the author much

praise, and then stayed proceedings while the pages went around and took the names of all those who would subscribe for a copy, and not one refused. That evening he sent me the list, headed by himself, with a note proposing to have the books there the next morning at the opening of the Convention, that the pages might deliver them.

Your gallant friend, Colonel Mitchell, has called several times, always inquiring how best he can serve me. He says when I come to St. Louis he will have the widest gate of the city open to receive me. The *Cincinnati Enquirer*, too, after copying the President's beautiful letter, adds:

"If Mrs. De Kroyft should come West we do not hesitate to predict for her such a reception even as the late noble hearted President had in view of the South when he wrote: 'I gladly bespeak for you the friendly offices of the proverbially generous and hospitable community which you propose to visit.'"

So the hands that beckon point me forever away, away, away. Meantime, the letters that I brought to Governor Floyd from Washington have secured me three lovely ones from him to South Carolina—one to the Governor, one to the President of Columbia College, and one to Colonel Wade Hampton.

My dear gentle friend, please excuse my letter which is far too long except for expressing my never ceasing gratitude to my most kind and most beloved friend, Mrs. General Ashley of Washington, D. C.

* * * *

To

*Mrs. General Ashley,
Washington, D. C.*

CHAPTER XVII.

AN ABSENT STAR.

Augusta, Ga., April, 1851.

AFTER having illuminated all Boston for me with your beautiful letters, and done not a little to light up Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington with them, it seems fitting that I write you, dear Mr. Bellows, if only to tell you what particular stars have burned and blazed brightest in my way. But first let me explain how it is that my letter comes to you this morning in ink instead of with creased paper and pencil as heretofore. While in Boston I met Mr. Prescott, the historian; and describing to him the card with which I had written my first little work, he told me that not seeing sufficiently to guide his hand he had invented a case of wires for keeping the lines straight, and used the manifold writing paper and an agate point in place of pen and ink. Afterward I was at his house, and seated in his chair before the desk by which he had written all his great works I found that I could write with his case readily, but never dreamed of possessing such a cunning little classic device. Imagine my surprise, then, when among the brightest Christmas things Santa Claus brought me was a case exactly like his, inked paper, agate point and all. So if your much-used eyes find this letter more legible than my last, it is to Mr. Prescott that you are indebted instead of to me.

In the *thee* and *thou* city the editors seemed to have had their notices all prepared before my coming, so quickly they were out. Then one very cold day, calling along Front Street, I came to the counting-room of a gentleman with the frost of many winters on his head, but the warmth of many summers in his heart. He took one of the little books, just then out in Christmas attire, and wrote his name for it so kindly that it seemed a little rivulet of light across the page. The next day evening brought the venerable gentleman and his two lovely daughters to see me—and how kindly he held my hand and praised the little book!

"We have all moistened our eyes over it," he said, "and I must have twenty copies for my friends." Then twenty other copies were called for, then twenty others. Then while at Baltimore I received an order for one hundred copies, and at Charleston an order for one hundred more, which at \$1.50 each, made the pretty sum of \$390, for which I am here in receipt of a little bank book to that amount. In answer to my entreaties to know what he could possibly be doing with so many of the little books when it seemed that everybody there had taken one of me:

"Why, my child," he wrote, "I make every gentleman who calls at my office take one away with him, and every friend whom I shake hands with on the street I make do the same; and that is what I am doing with them."

"Ah! Mr. Bellows, how impossible ever to repay such a love labor as that! How write it, too, how describe it, and more than all, how receive it? Indeed, the name of Dr. George H. Burgin of Philadelphia seems to me evermore a mark on the world to follow goodness by.

But I must tell you of my second visit to Washington. All the friends to whom I had letters had called, and one morning, having been out sometime returning them, coming in I found General Duff Greene and daughter waiting. After a little the General said:

"Let us see! You would like to go to the President's levee to-night, and as that is one of the places where a gentleman is indispensable, my son, Colonel Ben, must be your escort. However, you must come and take tea with us and we will arrange it then."

Notwithstanding the father and sister were so positive of Colonel Ben's willingness to see me to the President's levee, it was not without some misgivings as to his pleasure in the matter that I dressed and went to the tea. Aside from the idea of escorting a lady with veiled eyes to such an assembly, having been on General Taylor's staff through all the Mexican campaign, and one of the many who helped to bear him away, I feared lest the Colonel might feel some repugnance at so soon going there to attend his successor's levee. Still, when at the table Miss Lizzie introduced it again, and the proud mother had bent an approving smile upon her son, turning to me he said cordially:

"Certainly, madam. If only to imitate the least of those 'friendly offices' that my gallant old leader bespoke for you among his friends in the South, I shall claim the honor of presenting you to the President this evening."

Accordingly, about nine we were set down at the Executive Mansion. As I had no maid, hoods, wraps, etc., were trusted to the mercy of the crowd, as is the way. We entered the Blue Room, where we stood awhile, Colonel Ben sketching the passers-in and the passers-out.

"You would be a splendid *Corinne*," I said, "to explore the world with; but tell me, please, how Mr. Fillmore, the President, is looking."

"Oh! of course, like a man born to be a President," he replied, "as he always does."

Twenty couples passed on, then the Colonel presented me. Extending my hand, I said:

"I am very happy, indeed, to meet the President, although it is not my pleasure to see him."

"But we are very happy, indeed, to see you," he replied, pressing my hand cordially; "and I regret that Mrs. Fillmore is not present. Unfortunately, she is suffering from a severe cold." We were then presented to Miss Fillmore, standing by a table a few steps from her father. She seemed very much at ease with the honors of the White House and I hear every one speaking in her praise.

Passing on to the East Room, Colonel Ben expressing some surprise at the President's very cordial reception of me, I said:

"Oh! when he was Vice-President I waited on him with the little book and he declined taking one—said he never bought any books. So, Christmas, when he had come to be President, I had the assurance to send him a copy, and received from His Excellency in return the loveliest note imaginable with all the compliments and good wishes of the season."

"Ah! that is it!" he exclaimed.

Entering the East Room we first met Mr. and Mrs. Upham of Vermont; next, my dear noble friend, Mrs. Bell and her party.

"Oh!" she said, "so we meet here again, but no President Taylor!"

"No," I replied; "but though dead he still liveth.

Indeed, at every turn I am reminded of his gracious auspices, and especially here."

Next we met your friends, Senator and Mrs. Grinnell, and Miss Anna C. Lynch, who happens to be no less a favorite with my *cavalero chaperon* than with you. Miss Lynch introduced me to Howard Payne, "author of the world's 'Sweet Home.' "

"Yes," he replied sadly, "but who has never yet had a home of his own."

While we were talking Mr. Stevens, the traveller, came up.

"Oh! here you are, Payne!" he exclaimed. "I have been looking for you this half hour"—to which the poet made answer:

"Then you should be all the more glad to see me."

"As, doubtless, Mr. Stevens was," I said, "when at last he discovered the capital of Guatemala."

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, as though in the instant he had lived over again all the long search he describes.

Later in the evening we met Mrs. Commodore Aulick, to whom I had already presented my letter and passed a delightful evening at her house. The Commodore was to sail the next day, and a party of his officer friends and their ladies were at the dinner. This evening Mrs. Aulick was accompanied by her son, who was the first surveyor of the river Jordan, Colonel Ben says, and made all those beautiful drawings of the Holy Land in "The Dead Sea Expedition."

A day or two after the levee, by special invitation, I had the pleasure of a little visit with Mrs. Fillmore and her daughter in their private parlor; and almost the first thing Mrs. Fillmore said was:

"Oh! that precious little volume that you sent the

President I have had the misfortune to have taken from my table. I laid it down to answer a card, and when I came back it was gone."

"Ah!" I said, "then I may hope to have the pleasure of presenting Mrs. Fillmore another!"

"No, no," she replied. "I want a dozen of them to send to my friends in western New York and Ohio."

Before leaving Washington I attended an afternoon informal reception at the White House, and meeting the President again, I said:

"Excuse one shadow, please, if only for contrast to all your splendors."

"Wait!" he replied, still retaining my hand. "No picture is perfect without its shadows; and all artists agree, I believe, in pronouncing them the most difficult part to paint!"

Ah! Mr. Bellows, were you ever overwhelmed like that with nothing in the world to say but *thanks?*

It was an informal reception, as I have said, and Mrs. Fillmore would have me seated by her; and while at her side Madam Callibrand and Lady Bulwer entered whom I had previously met at their receptions. Parting, Lady Bulwer said to me low:

"If you will call again, Sir Henry will give you a letter to the British Consul in Charleston."

The morning I waited upon their highnesses with your letter, Sir Henry asked if I had ever tried *mesmerism* or animal magnetism for my eyes. Said he knew a person in England who had been restored by it after being without sight many years.

Charleston, I believe, is always delightful, and I left it this time with even more regret than before. Among the supremest of its pleasures Mrs. Colonel Isaac Hayne

called one morning and invited me to pass the coming evening at her house.

"Only a few will be there," she said, but suggested that I wear the same dress as at Mrs. Gadsden's party—crêpe, and lisso ruches. At an early hour the carriage came for us with her nephew for escort. Mrs. Hayne joined me in the reception chamber and gave me her arm to the drawing-room. On the way she said low:

"I have invited His Excellency Governor Means and his lady to meet you this evening."

"Oh! thank you, Mrs. Hayne," I replied. "That is beautiful of you, but why did you not tell me?"

"Lest you might put yourself to some extra expense or trouble," she answered, half laughing. Then in a few words she described Mrs. Means' general appearance, her dress, etc. At the entrance, without stopping, she whispered:

"Mrs. Means and sister are in the corner yonder, and we will join them there."

Mrs. Means expressed herself delighted to see me, and I replied:

"It gives me great pleasure to meet Mrs. Means, and I should regret the more not being able to see her had I not just heard her described so beautifully." This caused a little rustling laugh and turned all eyes to Mrs. Hayne, who took a seat by me while her sister and Mrs. Means resumed their conversation, which I soon saw was about Secession.

"The Governor and the Colonel are talking in the other parlor," Mrs. Hayne said, "and they will come here soon." Meantime I was wondering what to say when presented. Then I heard their voices rise and knew that they were coming.

The Colonel approached, announced himself, and then presented His Excellency Governor Means. Giving him my hand, I said:

"I am very happy and very proud, indeed, to meet His Excellency Governor Means, and the more as it gives me an opportunity of thanking South Carolina *personally* for all her beautiful hospitalities."

"Ha! ha!" the Governor laughed, and turning to the Colonel, he said:

"South Carolina and I have always been pretty good friends, but we were never before mistaken the one for the other, I imagine."

Mrs. Hayne and the Colonel went to receive other guests, and seated again by Mrs. Means, she remarked:

"Miss Trapier and I were discussing Secession, which is doubtless of not much interest to you."

"No," I replied, "since in my State that pretty word is always considered the next thing to treason."

"Which is your State, madam?" asked the Governor.

"New York," I answered.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Means. "Then you are not quite a Yankee!"

"No," I said, "although my Quaker ancestors of 1630 first settled in Massachusetts." I then told the Governor of my letter to him from His Excellency Governor Floyd of Virginia, which I had anticipated the honor of presenting at Columbia, the capital, with one to the President of the College and also one to Colonel Wade Hampton, which turned the conversation to Richmond, the State Convention, Judge Mason, Governor Floyd, etc., until dinner was announced and served in a way to make one at least doubt if hospitality has ever had such another home in the world. Then Miss Hattie favored the company with music in which others joined.

Bishop Gadsden and one other minister, to whom I had letters from Dr. Turner of New York, were present, but I saw far less of them than of the Governor, who was talking with me when wines were brought in. Speaking of the negro population generally, he remarked:

"I believe them the best fed, the best clothed, and in every respect the best cared for and the happiest peasantry in the world"—and judging from his account of his own plantation, I should think they might be. One little instance he related amused me exceedingly: Eight or ten negroes were engaged ditching a piece of ground, and one evening the Governor, coming along and seeing how little they had done, said to them rather reprovingly that he could get a white man to come there and dig, who would accomplish more in a day than the whole of them together.

"Oh, well, Massa," replied one, "dis make de differ'nce—he hab to work for his *livin'*."

Governor Means is very popular with his people, although so democratic that his aides complain at his not having a private room with them on review days instead of sitting at the public table.

South Carolina is verily the Italy of America, and Charleston her Rome minus ruins, stained altars, and rivers running with blood. Secession, though, they say, is talked of all over the State, a double tax ordered, manufactories going up, magazines placed in the citadel square, the Governor examining the arsenals and reviewing his military forces; and who shall say but our constellation may yet be left, like the beautiful Pleiades, to mourn evermore an absent star?

Augusta seems the entrance city to some beautiful orient—so unlike anything we have in the North. Broad

Street has two rows of large trees through the center, the branches forming an arch over a grassy walk, with a road on either side wide enough for two carriages to drive abreast; and beside that a broad shaded walk on each side of the street.

If possible, the editors here have been more lavish in their praise of the little book and "the heroism of the author" than in any other city. The second day after receiving a copy their notices all came out, each announcing that "the author gives the gentlemen the preference in her canvassatory calls." The next day—how it rained! And the next and the next. Then they all had a notice again, each with something new as if to keep up the interest a little until the rain should cease. Still it rained and rained every day as if a new flood might have set in, and each day some new notice appeared, sometimes quoting from the little book or from the New York, Boston or Charleston editors.

At last the sun rose as bright and clear as if all the predictions of the late dear Mrs. Dawson for me in her own sunny State were coming to pass. I had brought only ninety copies of the little book to Augusta, judging by the size of it that would suffice. The landlady let me have a bright mulatto boy to carry them, and beginning at a bank the President headed the list for three copies, and with the other officers seven more were taken there—ten in all. The next place was a large store, and before we left it seemed that all the gentlemen in the block had congregated there, coming and going, and every one of them took copies. The owner of the store led off with five, and passing the pen to the others they all wrote their names—some for one, some for two, three and even five copies. And if you believe it, we had only stopped at a dozen or so more places when the whole

ninety books were gone, and we were back at the hotel again before noon.

Dear Mr. Bellows, do the angels help, or does the Lord indeed put out His blessed Hand to lead and prosper the way?

* * * *

To

Rev. Dr. Bellows,
New York.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW SO?

Providence, R. I., October, 1851.

LATE in the summer of 1803 Deacon Philip Potter and his queenly wife, Anna Hart Potter, with their darling little blue-eyed Melintha between them, paused in the vestibule of the old Baptist Church here to exchange farewells and mingle their parting tears with all whom they held dear, as early on the morrow they were to commence their long, weary journey to the—then styled—Ontario country by way of New York and Albany. A dear little party, they, and a very important one to us—no less than our revered grandparents, now both over ninety, and their darling little Melintha, then just able to walk, our own precious mother, we her daughters nine with one little brother. Yesterday, in honor of that sad Sunday in the long, long ago, I made a pilgrimage to the dear old church that is now not only the church of the present Governor and his family, but also of all the Brown University professors, they say, from the President down.

But to go back a little! En route from Augusta I stopped at Wilmington, N. C., the city of Mrs. Dr. De Rozet, whose acquaintance I made while at the “Revere House” in Boston a year ago; and now little more was needed than her favor to set all the principal doors of the city ajar for the little books. Many, many of the

ladies, too, came for them or sent their servants with "Missus' card." Often before we were dressed, our room being on the ground floor, a tray with a bouquet and some little delicacy was passed in at the window, oftenest from one dear Mrs. Osborne there, whose angel mother we met in Georgia.

Creeping northward we stopped next at Wilmington, Del., a charming little city, and nothing but pleasant things came to us there—first, a dear editor whom we found turning his printing press by hand and so literally grinding out his weekly paper, every letter of the type to which he had set up himself. He was one of General Scott's aides either in the Indian or Mexican war; but when his notice of the little book came out it was classic and beautiful enough, I told him, to have been written by Addison for *The Spectator*.

We were indebted to him and his wife also for calls, a pleasant entertainment at their house and a long, lovely drive by *Federal Hill*, which, he said, missed being the site of the Nation's Capital in place of Washington only by a single vote.

The next pleasant thing was the way the little books were taken there, day by day, until one evening Annie was forced to exclaim:

"Why! they go here like the rustling of new ribbons, don't they?"

Some time ago I had the pleasure of meeting at Mrs. Nott's Mr. E. C. Delevan of Ballstown, N. Y.; and one morning among the letters while at Wilmington was one from him containing the money for ten copies of the little book, and also a lovely invitation from Mrs. Delevan and himself to pay them a visit.

Another day brought an order from Mr. A. S. Barnes of New York, for twenty-five copies, sent for by a far-off

Mrs. Rogers, preceptress of a seminary in Huntsville, Ala.; and again an order for twenty-five from Mr. William Appleton of New York, to go to a book merchant also in Alabama.

So in every place the good angels find new ways of helping on the work they long ago trailed before my spirit eyes. Then just before leaving, the last pleasant thing was a note from dear Mrs. Shubrick, beckoning me for a stay among the breezes of Newport, where she had taken rooms for the summer, expecting the Commodore to come to her soon. We stopped at the same hotel with her, "The Bellevue," and the next morning coming out from breakfast she left me in one of the parlors talking with a lovely Miss Tayloe, who had come with her from Washington. In a few moments she returned with this sweet whisper on her lips:

"I have been to see the landlord for you, and you are to pay only \$18 a week for yourself and Miss Annie, and keep the lovely room that you have."

"Ah!" I said, "that is not only having an angel to trouble the waters for one, but an angel to stay and lead one in also."

I had seen by the papers that Mrs. Fillmore, with her son and daughter, was stopping there, and what a surprise it was to hear that only the day before, descending the stairs, she made a misstep, sprained her ankle, and was even then sitting up in her parlor with her pretty foot pillow'd in a chair and the gloomy prospect before her of not being able to press it to the floor again in months.

I first thought of going to see her immediately, then reflected that it might seem too presuming. That afternoon, though, her maid came with her card inviting me to pay her a little visit.

"Ah!" she said, "now I am under the shadows and you will have to come and comfort me."

"How so?" I asked, "since you still have the light and the day and all around you that is bright and beautiful to look upon?"

"More than that!" the daughter added. "She has books, and brother and I have just come in from ordering a new stack of them for her."

Then that evening after the steamer arrived from New York the maid came to my room again, and this time the daughter, Miss Abby, behind her—and what do you think? Before leaving the city Mrs. Fillmore had ordered for herself a lovely black camel's hair bathing suit. It had just come, and seeing it of no use to her, she had sent it to me; the maid had the box containing it in her arms, and Miss Abby had come along to soften a little the presentation.

"Why!" I exclaimed, "that will be enough to make the waves and the fishes even receive me right royally, to say nothing of the thousand and one bathers there."

"Ha! ha!" she laughed. "And the sharks might too, if this were Cape Island—or Cape May."

I had no thought of doing anything with the book while at Newport, but Mrs. Shubrick and Mrs. Fillmore, whom all the ladies were going to see, introduced it; and I doubt if, after that, a dozen ladies left the hotel without a copy. One, perhaps more wealthy than the rest, came for ten—said she was going to present them to the Sunday School Library of her church in New York—and what a long, lovely visit I had with her, ending with her charge to be sure and send her my address when I should come again to the city.

A few mornings before our stay ended, the President arrived drawn by four white horses and accompanied

with a storm of hurrahs. He tarried in the drawing-room a moment for congratulations and then very gracefully bowed himself out for receptions above more heartfelt. His son and daughter and their dear mother had been waiting for him all the night. Thus love out-watcheth the stars. Love! love!—but softly with that word lest my heart, like an orphaned babe, awaken and cry for one whom the grave hath swallowed up.

After the President and his suite left for Boston, Miss Abby came down to the drawing-room and played for me a long, long time, closing with "The Last Rose of Summer" with variations, and beneath her touch every note was sweet enough to have been a rose fresh from the vale of Song. The evening before, when all were out on the veranda watching for the President, her mother told me that while in New York she had ordered at the establishment of *Brown* a thousand-dollar harp to be placed in her daughter's room at Washington for a surprise on her return. Oh! how Fortune does love to shower her gifts into the laps of some and pass them by the wistful gaze of others!

On my return to Boston from Portland I had a letter to Mr. G. P. R. James, the novelist, who has just come to this country. He was stopping at the "Revere House," and the morning I called he happened to be in the parlor entertaining some gentlemen, which I did not know until Annie saw the servant going to him with the letter and card. Espying his friend's name upon the envelope, he excused himself and came directly over to me, leaving Mrs. James and the daughter to entertain the other callers, who soon left, and we all went up to their private parlor. Mr. James gave me his arm, and ascending the second flight of stairs apologized for taking me up so far.

"Oh, not at all!" I said. "Poets and novelists are expected to be *eighty*."

"And often to their own inconvenience as well as their friends," was his laughing rejoinder.

In the room several persons were waiting, but again he left them to the mother and the daughter. The son devoted himself to Annie, while we had a lovely familiar little talk. Altogether, his warm cordiality surprised me quite as much as he expressed himself pleased; and coming away, he said:

"I must have a copy of the little work that my friend writes me about here," glancing again at the letter, the name to which it seemed that he had hardly had time to look at. Annie promised to bring him one.

After rising we had a little time with Mrs. James and the daughter, while Mr. James excused himself again for a moment. The ladies are very pleasant, and Annie thinks the son fully as elegant as the father, who would come down to the outside door with us, and kept his arm around me all the way lest I should fall. I said:

"Your heroes are proverbially the most gallant men in the world, and I am not surprised since they have Mr. G. P. R. James for their master."

"Ho! ho! and do you refer to those old fellows of mine," he inquired, "who they say always make their appearance on horseback?"

"Certainly," I said, "and as all great heroes must have on them the weight of years, it is doubtless from consideration for their comfort that you present them on horseback."

"Not at all, not at all," he said, "but with sole reference to their appearance, the clumsy old fellows!" Reaching the parlor floor, I begged him not to come down any farther.

"Indeed I must," he replied, "and I shall not think the way long until I turn to go back."

Ah! not more surely is goodness the chiefer part of greatness than that the more culture and the more refinement one has, always the more gracious and the more beautiful one is. So we took leave of the author of these three volumes that I send you, one of which I read long ago with my own eyes, and the other two we finished while at Newport.

* * * *

To

My Sisters,

Allen Seminary,

Rochester, N. Y.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN SOME FAR TIME.

Providence, R. I., October, 1851.

“STONE COTTAGE” then is really a thing of the past, and dear father has pitched his tent in the little city among the hills of the Canaseraga! I was sorry to hear that the old-fashioned house with the big chimneys and overshadowed with elms could not be secured. Father writes, though, that he has the promise of it in the spring. It will not be “Aldrich Hill” with all its sunny slopes, but still so far like it as to brighten a little, I ween, the smiles in sweet mother’s face. Lovely new furnishings for it, too, have been selected and prized, ar’ if the books continue to go as they have done for the last week, Providence alone, sweet mother’s birthplace, will leave little unprovided for. The piano must have reached you ere this, and is doubtless already adding greatly to your progress. I love to think of you all in the new home, making the air vocal with your songs, dimpling the carpets with your tread and brightening your eyes at sight of your own paintings on the walls! It seems too much to hope, too much to look for, but it can be and will be, my dear ones, only so you are industrious enough to win for yourselves what the angels are plainly holding in store. Schooldays are not a circle never to end, but long and tedious as they may sometimes seem, the last will come far too soon. Be-

sides, there are others farther down the line who will be waiting for your places. Then let no hour pass without adding something to that inner pearly dwelling that Learning builds around about the soul, whose walls never crumble, whose windows never darken, and whose lights never go out.

Father is delighted with the mill he has found adjoining to the town, and thinks with the packet Julia took to him he will be able to put it in perfect repair. So all is bright because we all have something to do.

After finishing Providence there are two small places to go to near it; then I go back to New York and take the steamer to New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi to all the towns and cities that border its shores. Shall visit St. Louis and then back by steamer to Louisville, Cincinnati; thence by rail to Cleveland, and so around by Buffalo to the valley and the home that I have just been picturing—the home vocal with your songs and bright with the joy on all your happy faces. Sarah and Pamelia will not be married until then, and meantime dear father and mother have the prospect of making their first wedding for their daughters amid surroundings that three little summers ago no one of us could possibly have imagined. It is all just as it was foreshadowed to me, though, in the *vision*—the wanderings, I mean, and the gathering, gathering and never possessing. It was foreshadowed, it has to be, and no one could prevent it if he would. Neither could I; my steps seem angel-led, one forced after the other. I plan nothing, and yet the way seems always opened up before me as if arranged by unseen hands. Nothing surprises me, and so it will be on, on, on, until at last the circlets of gold that seem now so inexhaustible will all suddenly disappear and in their stead a something that

resembled nothing but a dark green substance in rolls or bunches of which in the *vision* I gathered the same as of the gold, gathered as I wandered and with the same indifference to possession, until finally that, too, disappeared, and farther in toward the heart of the gloomy old presence from which I had gathered so long, the gold shone out again, but in tablets or squares too large to hold in my hands and I folded them in my arms. Their edges, as I look back at them, were creased up and down instead of across like the circlets; not exactly square, a shade longer than wide, thin and shining like gold. Unlike all that I had gathered before, they stayed with me. I walked away with them, and as I walked something like the pride of possession warmed in my thoughts; the gloomy old presence, too, that had borne me company through all the long wandering years seemed now no longer keeping pace. I moved more rapidly, too, than before, seeming almost to fly until at last I stopped, turned about and saw that the long weary way had been all a long, climbing way. Then I turned to go on, but saw far out in the distance the light breaking through all the clouds. Oh! the light had come to me again, the light! the light! the light! And just so in some far time the light will come again.

Some of you heard the *vision* when I told it there to dear father and mother a little time after I had lost my eyes. Doubtless it made little impression upon you then. Now though, when not only so many more scenes of it have come to pass, but the wanderings of it even are far on the way, you will understand it better and be on the watch, as I am always, for the next scene, which is ere long surely to come; and the next and the next and the next—four more only—and then your lonely,

wandering sister with veiled eyes may return with the light and the day shining as bright in her way as now it is shining in yours.

* * * *

To

My Sisters,

Allen Seminary,

Rochester, N. Y.

CHAPTER XX.

A BREAK IN THE CLOUDS.

New York, November, 1852.

LEAVING Bangor by steamer for Boston, we arrived at the "Revere House" fully an hour after midnight; and hardly were our heads pressing the pillow and the borders of the dreamland drifting into view when a heavy knock at the door announced a letter for me bearing the President's stamp and seal, from Washington, D. C. And thus it was, dear, dear Mrs. Fillmore, that your favor, as gracious as beautiful, and as beautiful as kind, had at last overtaken me—so slowly are all bright things wont to march when once upon my way. Perchance they in heaven feared lest the sweet beckoning in it might bring me all too soon to the light and the day.

I had heard of Dr. Turnbull's wonderful cures, restoring Prince George of Cambridge and others to sight, but never dreamed of his coming to America; and I decided at once to profit by your kind suggestion and leave in the morning for New York, where, an hour after my arrival, I waited upon the Doctor at his hotel. In deference to the lady President, Mrs. Fillmore, whose pleasant mention of me had not been at all obliterated from his memory, hardly had my card been glanced at ere I heard him saying to the usher:

"Show the lady in—I will see her at once." After rolling his powerful magnifiers over my eyes and dis-

covering in each what he called a needle point of pupil unobscured, he said:

"You still have the light, madame, but not so as to distinguish objects, I think."

"No," I replied, "only the shadows of things, and those when very near." Then he cupped the balls gently which, enlarging them, perforce thinned the surface, and I could readily descry the outline of an object.

"Ah!" he said, "the nerves to your eyes are perfect, and all to be contended with are these opacities across each pupil, which I think can be thinned away sufficiently to let you walk by yourself. But not in a day, which most of you Americans, I find, think quite long enough for any kind of a cure."

Not in a day, surely; but now, after having visited him six times, I begin to distinguish my friends by their dress, and with my eyes a little shaded I can see the colors in the carpet. For the first time in seven years I walked in the street this morning by myself; that is, with no little hand on my arm. I could not distinguish the people as they passed, but I could tell the ladies from the gentlemen; and on one of the carts, as it stopped near the walk, I deciphered the immense word ICE; and at this fresh peep at the world of letters I laughed outright, and positively clapped my hands for joy, exclaiming:

"I see! I see! I see!" The black shadows on the walk, even, were beautiful; and, oh! may not this pale dawn betoken a brighter morrow with thinner veils between? The Doctor gives me not the slightest hope of ever being able to read, but they who lose and find again should not weigh and complain if not quite all be restored. Besides, seven years have taught my

thoughts to weave their own reading, my heart to coin its own feelings; and so only I have light enough to guide my own steps, and peradventure watch the stars when they rise and the sky when the sun is low—in a word, so I be no longer barred from the bright green earth that I left so long, long ago, how shall I ever find words to thank you in for writing me, dear Mrs. Fillmore? Indeed, if I had all the blessings the white-handed angels bring I could never, never, never repay you.

I was very sorry to miss the pleasure of meeting you and Miss Abby when you were last in New York; but if I go to New Orleans, where the Doctor talks of passing the winter, I shall return by way of Washington; and, ah! then how sweet to look upon you, my dear, dear friend, with these eyes which your kindness has so much blessed. Would they could gather up all the smiles in the world and set them circling around your heart.

Last evening, favored with cards from Mrs. General Ashley for myself and the little sister I have with me, I attended a reception at the Metropolitan. I could distinguish easily all the graceful, gliding forms of the ladies, and recognize many of them by their dresses. Everybody is rejoicing at my prospect of seeing again, but I sometimes weep from fear lest the sudden effect of the subtle vapors the Doctor is using upon my eyes may not, cannot last. Indeed, he says I must go to New Orleans for continued treatment, or they will lose all they have gained; and as you can imagine, I am making every possible exertion to do so.

* * * *

*To Mrs. President Fillmore,
Washington, D. C.*

CHAPTER XXI.

CAST UPON THE WATERS.

New Orleans, La., April, 1853.

AH! you have heard rightly, I do indeed see again—at least well enough to know the morning from the evening, and the noon sun from the moon coquetting through her watery veils. Sometimes, too, when the night is clear the stars come twinkling softly down to my eyes, as the smiles of friends come stealing faintly in upon my heart. But since the publication of my letter to Mrs. Fillmore, that you saw, heralding not only: “I see again! I see again!” but recounting a score or so more of the Doctor’s wonderful cures, people have been crowding to him from every part of the country—by steamer, by land, by every means possible that people can travel they have come; and naturally less time has been found for treating my eyes, and accordingly their improvement more slow. Some little gain, though, waits upon every loss, and my little gain in this case was no further charge for the treatments I should receive. Still, one cannot even stay in this pleasure loving, pleasure giving city without money, and coming to the last one, as it seemed, of those who would have “A Place in Thy Memory,” I was seeing no alternative but to leave the Doctor and take up my line of march again with the little books. But that evening in the drawing-room, as though some good

angel had been explaining to him what Mozart called "all about it," a stranger accosted me with:

"Your pardon, Madame, but a year ago my wife and myself came across 'A Place in Thy Memory,' which so beguiled a day for us in a dreary hotel that at evening we each declared that we would not take ten dollars for what we had profited, and promised, should we ever meet the author, to hold ourselves that much in her debt." I thanked him cordially, as you may imagine, and was made very happy by an introduction to his little, black-eyed wife. The next morning I received my stranger friends' card, "S. Wann and Lady, of Belfast, Ireland," announcing that themselves and three of their party desired copies of my little work *all at the same price*, with the four twenties smiling in the envelope—a touch of Job's better days, you see, as well as some of his brighter ones. Great, wise Job! He must have been blind, else he never could have said:

"Behold! mine eyes are dim with sorrow, and the Lord hath set darkness in all my paths."

But you are wondering how I found words golden enough or beautiful enough to thank those four pur-chasers in, those four friends from over the sea. Why! all I could say to them was:

"Warm hearted Erin gave thee thy blood and thy name." Where one really wills, though, to make return, sooner or later there comes an opening, I believe, in the turn of things for at least the semblance of it. They were a gay party, en route to the West Indies, and would return in time for the Carnival, or the great masquerade at the St. Louis: and when the tickets were given out to each lady guest, I bethought me to keep enough of those accorded to my little sister and myself

for those four friends and their ladies. Days passed—prices fabulous were offered for tickets that could not be had. On the last day and almost the last hour the party arrived by steamer from Havana; but as well rush to the office and inquire for cards to a revel in fairy-land as ask for even one of those gilt laden, embossed passports for the masquerade of that evening. And do you see?—to soften now the disappointment of those pleasure seekers by the presentation of the cards put aside for them was, to say the least, a crumb of their own bread a little time before cast upon the waters.

The scarcity of a thing always puts it in demand; and more copies of the little book coming to be asked for, I wrote the publisher for a package. One of them was for a Mr. Smith, of New York, who came to the Doctor through my letter to Mrs. Fillmore, and whose eyes had been largely profited by his treatment; and another for a Mr. Menlove, of Liverpool, also a patient for an injury to one of his eyes, sustained in a storm at sea. The little books came, and I sent them by the bell-boy, each to his room; and not that day, but the next one, two notes were sent to my room containing a check for an hundred dollars, with the same little request in each:

“Stay and use this for your eyes”—so great and so beautiful men can be.

Ah! what book ever blessed author more? It is my widow’s curse that the replenishing angel never wholly forgets. Again, though, it is running low, and better I be counselled thereby and depart. Besides, April is late enough to tarry in New Orleans. Besides, too, my eyes seem to have reached the utmost of all that can be done for them, or at least have reached the utmost of this Doctor’s skill. At times, though, the opacity

that has so long hung over the windows of my soul has seemed hardly more than a mist of floating particles; then again it thickens back like the coming on of night, when louder and louder grows the assurance in my heart that however potent Dr. Turnbull's cuppings and vapors may be for thinning the clouds, they may never lift them from my sky until the last scene of that dark foreshadowed way has been wandered through.

Socially the winter here has been one of rare profit; while seeing a little, and daily, hourly expecting to see more has made the world almost as glad as new. Through Mrs. Guy Johnson, of Petersburg, I once exchanged a few letters with Madam Walton Le Vert, of Mobile; and here at the opening of the St. Charles, while her daughter and the little sister I have with me were dancing their curls straight, we chanced to meet, and since have exchanged calls. Yesterday, referring to my prospect of seeing again, I was surprised to hear her say that she was once nine months confined to her room without the light and the day—nine moons, and in that time mastered a language and learned to play the guitar.

The friend who presented us named her, “the Madame de Staél of America”; and listening to her brilliant conversation, one readily accords to her that meed of praise, if not more.

To-morrow’s steamer will leave me at the little city of Natchez on the Mississippi, where a dear Mrs. Ogden, who has been some time here with her daughter, a patient, has invited me for a stay at her place just out of the city. Then at Memphis a box of the little books will be waiting; also at Louisville, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Buffalo. Thence I wind down into the

Canaseraga Valley for a visit to my parents in their new home.

When this new light first came and was brightest I went to them for a night and a day, and as through a glass darkly could retrace the smiles on their faces. My elder sisters I could readily distinguish the one from the other. The younger ones, though, seven years had grown beyond the possibility of recall. There is a portrait there too that you know of, whose eyes wore no look of reproach, however close pressed or however turned, peradventure to capture some glimpse of their meaning.

Thoughts are swift winged, and yours are already poising over a day in a summer gone when one went away with his palms written over with my promises and my tears. But, friend of the long ago, as all music is one, so all love is one, only voiced in the heart to different keys and rung through different chords. The one in heaven wooed and won love, and bequeathed to my heart a memory majestic and beautiful to keep; while another, half a world away, whose letter I have here to-day telling of naught but loss and disaster, makes not loving impossible, and forgetting—treason against all that the heart of woman was fashioned to admire. Then why say we love twice or thrice, as the case may be, when the song is one and the harp the same, the tones only varying as beneath the touch of a less or a more masterly hand!

* * * *

To

*Mrs. Geo. W. Fisher,
Rochester, N. Y.*

CHAPTER XXII.

ALL THESE YEARS.

St. Joseph, Mo., July, 1859.

THIS is one of those exclusive rainy days that banish the world and house in all sweet thought and feeling; and from up out the distance and the long ago I have evoked my friend, Mary Weld, and bade her enter and sit down by me here while our souls trade whispers that go lingering through the heart like boxed music.

Why have I not written you since that long last night in the Institution—ask me why? The Fates are very nice friends, but vastly bad enemies. Once on a time they fell out with me, and from that day to this all bright things are as surely turned from my path as the beams from the sun are though shot straight down from heaven. What wonder then that no letter of thine through all these years has been able to reach me until this thy last came rustling in, fresh and welcome as the green leaf in the beak of the dove. It was a day visitant, white-winged, but far into the night my thoughts were busying themselves with the broken dreams of the past, and alongside your love-stars, now so bright, I placed mine, long since gone out, leaving the world as cold and empty to me as a bell without a tongue, and as charmless as a harp without a string.

You say as of yore: “Your William.” Ah! that little word up out of the silence, that whisper across

the mystic strand that Death has drawn between! that echo of memory, that voice of the heart that will not be altogether hushed! Often, often in my wanderings, isolate and alone, when the last footfall has died away and the world is still, my spirit dares conjure him hither as in that far time when I knew only happiness and him.

How I wonder, Mary, at your accurate recall of the *vision!* Of the others who were there and heard it again and again I have met no one who has remembered more than that it had darkness in it, and finally, ended in the light; whereas you name scene after scene, as though you had been following me through them along all the years. Is it because I first shared it with you, with my own eyes ablaze with wonder as to what it could possibly mean, that now you know exactly where I am in it? Ah! thou sweet crier upon the watch-tower of my night, how little I then dreamed that the reality like a dark abyss lay yawning before me and was so soon to engulf the future, along whose horizon, like a blissful mirage, I had planted so many cities of unexplored delights. Trying to interpret the strange phenomenon, you first suggested that the dark old presence might mean the world, and myself gathering golden specks of knowledge from it. But, alas! never was sweet imagining farther astray; and, mark now, the literal fulfillment of that phase: gathering, gathering, and never possessing. After losing the lands that my grandfather left him my father became a miller; and that he should no longer have to rent and be so often compelled to change place, I begged him to find a mill where he would be willing to stay always, and the little books and I would do our best to have ready the payments thereto. Do you see?—and what with the

dear ones in school, the rent day for the larger home that was needed, the mill and its ever-recurring repairs, you have that other mystic phase of the *vision*: the disappearance of the golden circles from my hand *almost faster than I was able to gather them*.

This pouring rain reminds me of the late flood that swept through the valley, bearing down all before it save the dam to the mill. Over that, they say, the mad-dened waters rolled, doing no harm, as though the Lord had said to His mightiest angel: "Go! hold it thou with thy two hands, that not a pebble be lifted!"—and all for the sake of the dear, gray-coated, gray-hatted, white-handed, smiling old miller there, in whose thoughts, as in his heart, the song of David is a song of his own:

"Bless the Lord! praise the Lord! O my soul."

But, Mary, this sixth scene of the *vision* with the gathering of the "golden specks" has lasted too long; and as one goes to study the chart of a country he is to travel through, my weary thoughts are forever looking back into that strange foreshadowing for what came next, and then out over the slow-turning years, peradventure to find in the times some sign of approach to the seventh scene. But even with that passed, two scenes more will remain to be waited for and watched for ere the end with the light and the day; and judging by the ages that have lengthened their shadows over my heart since the coming of the sixth scene, I shall be too old, too worn, too near the cold river to more than shout:

"Oh! the light, the light!"—and then, as Job says, go the way whence I shall not return.

Alas! not till dreams are panoramaed, sighs are painted, and fancies blushed into form; not till hopes are chiseled, beaded bubbles snatched from the waves,

and moons fished up from the seas, may I hope to pass again in this world one such millennium of brightness as you look on or live through every day. Oh! would then I were so lifted up in all that is exalted and changeless that although in darkness I would be stars unto myself, my thoughts silvering out their own light; and imagination, instead of sombering the coming years with dread, illumining them with hope-lights, the while deeds cluster in my memory worthy of one for whose sake pitying Heaven stooped so low as to not only fore-shadow the way, but to set it along with that never-failing guidance that Paul must have been claiming for himself when he asked:

"Be they not all ministering spirits?"

How hard it is to realize that dear Mrs. Seager is dead. It is going to be harder still, though, I imagine to find one adequate to the task of gathering up her rich sayings and doings and presenting them properly to the world. Soon after the light left my eyes she came and captured a bundle of my school-day effusions, and went away determined to make a little volume of them for my special benefit. She returned the next morning, however, sorrowing that she had lost them all before she reached home. I told her that some good angel, knowing how mortified the *author* would be, must have followed her and stolen the roll from under her arm. And so now I should fancy her spirit following after the one appointed to make a volume of her productions.

So far, and not a word about or to *your William*. Please divide with him, though, as large a portion of my love as will make at least a rose-leaf upon his already brimming cup.

Strangers may interest and new friends fascinate,

but it is our old friends who relight the waning fires upon the heart's worn hearthstones; and do you think I have no pleasure in the thought of soon being with you? Why! my joy at meeting you will be enough to shake every lintel to your prairie home; and would I could come with so much of sight as you saw described in my letter to Mrs. Fillmore some years ago. But, alas! it was a little sunny opening in the wilderness merely, too bright to tarry long, and I must wait for another like it till the closing scene of the *vision* that, like a glittering mirage, seems forever distancing itself from my view.

* * * *

To

Mrs. Wm. Weld,

Illinois.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SEVENTH SCENE.

Plainfield, N. J., July, 1863.

HOURS are long on the dial of a waiting, watching heart; and looking back now over my *tread-milings* and *tread-millings* of the world around until the streets to nearly all the cities of America have come to know my shadow, it seems that the clock of Time must have been turning backward as well as forward, so slowly the long fourteen years of wandering, wandering, have crept over my life since the gates to that lonely Institution turned back, and I passed out with the little books, to return no more, nevermore.

Wearied with the “hard times” and scarcity of money brought on by the war, I crossed over into Canada, and left Quebec last November to spend the winter in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware and New Jersey, all the South there is left to us now, and lo! the very first place I was confronted with the *utter disappearance* of the “shining specks,” “tiny gold circles” or gold dollars, whose appearance, you remember, in 1849 brought about the sixth scene of the *vision*, exactly as I had described it to you in my letter from Oyster Bay, the summer before. That quite converted your father to a belief that all the other scenes might follow. “Still,” he said, “the gold dollars are a Government issue, and nothing less than a change of the Government can

cause their recall”—doubting, you see, if ever a day could come when not a vestige of them would remain “on the side of the world toward me.”

It seemed impossible then, but look at it now when not only the tiny gold dollars, but all the gold and all the silver, even, has been gathered up and sent to other lands for the necessities and ammunitions of a civil war, while just as literally quantities of a dark green material “in lumps, rolls, or bunches” have risen up in their stead—quantities of a dark green material in stamps of three cents, five cents, ten cents, twenty-five cents, fifty cents; and when a dollar of it is made up, or an hundred dollars, what have you but a stack of “dark green stuff” that looking on, one instinctively pronounces *worthless*, “the edges only flashing golden,” forty cents on a dollar.

I had reached Greensburg, and been there about a week when, having a draft of \$250.00 of it made up for my publisher, a little cousin I have with me undertook to count it. The mass of wads, rolls and bunches were in the hat box to my trunk. Emptying it all on the bed she first undertook to count it by making up one dollar at a time from dimes and fives and twenty-fives; but confused, or the stack getting too high and toppling over, I proposed to make stacks of five dollars each, laying them along on the bed in rows. When she had perhaps a dozen lines running up and down the counterpane, the landlord’s daughter came for her to go and play a duet in the parlor; and as it was near noon, I told her to push it all up under the pillow and leave it till after dinner. But instead of putting it under the pillow she merely stacked it up against it, and as I threw myself down for a few moments’ rest my hand went so deep into the papery stuff I was startled.

Clutching a handful of it I drew it over my face to the other hand, and was wadding it up and thinking what worthless rags it is, when the sun shining on it from the window revealed to the little light in my eyes its shade of green. Like a flash the recollection of the "dark green stuff" of the *vision* came to me.

Look at it and then say as I am saying over and over, "Lo! the seventh scene of the *vision* with the sounds of alarm, even, that filled the air and the rougher ways that it brought." Sounds of alarm indeed! Hardly were we out of place after place through southern Pennsylvania before the approach of Morgan's band, Jackson's host or the armies of Lee set the people to flying in every direction. In Columbia the stillness of a Sunday morning was suddenly broken with the cry: "The rebels! The rebels!" while their shells were falling into the river right in front of our windows. In an instant, it seemed, the streets were thronged with the flying people, the boy soldiers from the fort on the other side of the river came rattling their cannon over the bridge that some one stupidly fired before half their comrades were over. Then flames and shouts and yells filled the air while the whisper rose in my heart: "Exactly as it was in the *vision*;" and now, even, every hour in the day come telegrams of battles lost or won, hundreds or thousands slain, and the country rocked to its very center with doubt and fear. In the *vision*, though, you remember finally all grew calm again; and as Vicksburg and Port Hudson have fallen, and Morris Island is fast losing ground, so the Lord may continue to help, and ere long all indeed grow calm again.

At all events, as fourteen years of the wandering, wandering, gathering the tiny gold dollars, have passed, so

the seeming ages of gathering the dark green stuff are surely to be lengthened over my way. And how long, think you, will it last—how long ere that too disappear and those thin golden slates shine out?

Far back, that my father should be no more tortured with the rent day for the mill, I pledged the payments for it, and one draft more is still to be sent before that and the grounds adjoining, where my cottage was to have been, will be paid for. Besides, during these long years my parents have been living in a place not their own. The rent, though, has always been paid by one so far away that they have lost the day of it, and all there have nearly forgotten but that the home is indeed their own. Meantime the daughters returning from school, have hung the walls around with their paintings, and one after another been married there. Five weddings have hallowed the old place; and goings and comings, and tears of parting and joys of meeting, until the heads of the dear old people have whitened with the snows of years. What wonder then, that when I have told them of my cottage among the trees, wherein they were to pass their last days, their pleasure seemed not to keep pace with my own. I have thought sometimes they doubted my ever being able to accomplish it, and wondered at it, too, after having surrounded them with so many surprises. But this is it: they love the old place among the elms. It is dearer to them as *home* than any other place could ever be. Yet it is now to be sold, and—do you see?—they must not go out of their paradise weeping.

After my visit to Boston I wrote you of the deposit I had left there toward my cottage among the trees, adding, I think: “unless some angel come by night to dig it up.” There came an occasion, though, for both

principal and interest. My tour through the Canadas resulted in a much larger deposit that I placed in a Government bond, called it a corner-stone, and too deep laid to be lifted; but now that too has been summoned and is going for the first payment toward the old home among the elms, while the rest is to be toiled out as only He who so long ago trailed the gathering of the "dark green stuff" before my spirit eyes can possibly understand. Plainly, all that was foreshadowed has to be. Not a step of it may be lessened, and there is nothing left for me now but to take up the little books and wander on, on, faced toward the eighth scene, the disappearance of the "dark green stuff;" even as far, far back when I came down the steps of the Institution the seventh was to be waited for and watched for.

The veils the prophets of old saw through are not turned to millstones, and it is not much wonder that my eyes should have been for a moment so lifted up to the future. But why that strange foreshadowing of the way? What good did it do, since the approach of no one event of it is in the least dreamed of until it has fully transpired; and never a step more or less of it taken either than would have been without the foreshadowing? In my thoughts, though, I am always turning back to it, comparing the real, as I live it, with the shadow, and looking for what is to come next, just as one goes to study the chart of a country he is to travel through, and, peradventure, in that way I am held more steadily on to the end. Ah! the end! Pray where is that to be—on the other side of the dark river or this? It was in light, though, wherever it is to be, and that is something to look forward to. God's ways are not as our ways, and what end He had or still may have to serve by it is, plainly, not yet for me to know.

As the war has raised the price of everything else, so the price of the little books has risen also. Ah! that little book that has everywhere proven passport, spending money, profit, and around whose name the world seems never weary wreathing its praise! All through Delaware the success of it was beautiful. I had no letters of introduction, and the price of it being changed left not even the advantage of former lists of names to begin with. Still, we went to Dover first. The Governor was not there, but toward evening he and his staff very unexpectedly arrived, just to pass the night. The landlord had heard me inquire for His Excellency, and brought him up directly. I introduced myself and the cause of the little book to him as best I could; and it would have done your heart good, as it did all in heaven, to see how benignly and beautifully he took the pen from Couzie's hand, and as an example to all Delaware headed the list with his own right loyal name,

“William Cannon.....Paid \$1.50.”

The next morning the Secretary of State followed, the then Speaker of the Senate, and the Speaker of the House, and then a long line of the Members of the Legislature, and then all the town. Do you see?—that was the commencement, and we went on just that way all over the little State, hearing the rustling of wings every step of the way.

O, success! thou bright winged *genie* to human ambition, thou sweet rewarder of toil! What is there that success does not make beautiful? What drudgery so homely or hardship so sad that victory does not turn it all to rejoicing, and pour brimming cups of thanksgiving for every bitter the soul may have tasted.

From Newcastle we crossed the river to Salem, N. J.,

where your gifted friend, Miss Maylin, was the first to come out to meet me; and what with her, the sweet Miss Abby Paul, and the three copies of "A Place in Thy Memory" that long ago found their way into that scrap of Eden, the whole town was speedily turned into a little city of friends, many with a capital *F*, and some with a little one. I can never tell you the half that followed.

"Thee must ride with us to-morrow"—"I shall come for thee and thy little cousin second day evening"—"third day"—"fourth day"—"seventh day," and all the days. Nearly a hundred subscribed for the little books before they came. Mr. Clement Acton let a dear Miss Thompson have his horse and carriage, and we passed one "seventh day" among her friends in the country, and returned with fourteen added names for the little book. Mr. A—, you see, planted a big corner-stone, while Miss T—, with her two white hands ran a little row along the walls of my cottage that then was to be—but, alas! it was only a dream that was even then fading away.

Like her distinguished cousin, Dr. Bowring, Miss Maylin's learning is really vast. Indeed, her lines of reading seemingly run from one end of time to the other, touching all the high places of thought, and spanning the broadest seas of poesy. Her library, that was largely her father's, occupies the entire mansard to an old mansion. I passed much time with her there, and finally named it "the lighthouse of Salem." But I should fail to give you a just idea of your long-ago friend could I not tell you that in a thousand ways she reminds me of you. She talks like you, reads like you, comes in and goes out like you, smiling everywhere and blessing as she goes.

Mrs. Sharp, whose husband is editor of *The Standard*, and one of the Government collectors of this blessed little State, is a Marylander, Southern all over, and almost loyal; and among her other attentions I owe her for a visit to the quaint old lace-maker, whom I went to see partly from curiosity and partly to make a little pilgrimage to a place where your steps had fallen. The old lady entertained us with her bobbins, her lineage from Cowper's lace-makers down, stories of John Newton, Watts, and then sang and played for us one of each of their hymns—Cowper's "God Moves in a Mysterious Way." During the process of struggling through the three hymns, eighteen verses in all, the little cousin I have with me and Mrs. S—— found it difficult to maintain their gravity; but, dear old lady, my heart tried to hear it all, sweet and beautiful, as the souls of their pious authors doubtless would have done.

Ah! it is well, "and very well," as Alice Cary says, that there are not too many Salems along my wilderness way. I should grow too fond of sweet attentions and too accustomed to ease. Even now I am sitting here with the half fainting child Hope on my lap wondering if ever, ever, ever the seeming ages between the seventh and eighth scenes of the *vision* will be lengthened over my way, and with the golden squares of the ninth—whatever they are to be—folded in my arms, I come again to behold the light and the day.

* * * *

To

Mrs. Augusta Dean Buckley,

Dunkirk, N. Y.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GLIMPSES OF THE END.

New York, November, 1878.

THE bells are proclaiming one more anniversary of that ancient day set apart for thanksgiving; and while the world without go to enumerate their gifts and break smiles upon them, my room here, three floors up and not over wide nor over long, has a letter in it full of singing birds and balmy breezes—a letter from up out the long, long ago, bearing back to me a friend, her two blue eyes love-lighted, her heart warm and full of whispering confidences such as erst we shared when thou and I were young. It is in the heart that we weigh and measure what we have, and with so much that was lost found again, who shall say that the jubilee I hold be not as rich and proud as any?

You name rightly the way I have been coming long and dark and weary; but natural laggards in the way of duty are rarely brought to the highest feeding of which their souls are capable, save by pricks from that unspiritual god, Circumstance; and could I by the turning of my hand drift myself back to the laughing, gladsome thing I was on the day when the *vision* of this dark life swept before me, think you I would do it? What! change the wanderings of half a life-time, probing hearts, weighing souls and judging them by their voices, as Swedenborg says “the wise angels do,”

for some bubbles of gladness always so sure to break while one lifts them? Or forego one step of the climbing, have the way one touch smoother, or the springs to drink from in the least robbed of their bitter, when the goal to be reached would needs be set just so much farther down in the scale of being? No, no—a thousand times no. It is far easier, though, to put hopeful thoughts like these on paper than to live them, speak them, smile them up through the storm and the cloud; far easier to talk about coming out all the safer by the pearly gates than to tread low down the covert way that leads up to them. However, since the disappearance of the golden “circles or specks” and the coming on of the “dark green stuff in lumps, rolls or bunches,” sixteen long, wandering years have rolled away with the gathering, gathering, and never possessing, as literally realized as the dawn and close of the days. Now, though, by the resumption of specie payment, the duration of the dark green stuff is limited; and as the fragmentary part of it is already beginning to disappear, my long, foreshadowed way does not look so dense as it did, glimpses of the end seem breaking through sometimes, and it is far easier to keep hope on the wing.

You marvel that I should not have found a resource in my voice; but when at the Institution I came to ascend the scale for the old Professor, expecting to astonish him with the high compass of my soprano, lo! instead of concert A, my voice stopped short at F; and after three times trying, the choke in my heart brought tears to my eyes. Seeing me standing there in deep black and knowing of the recent loss of my sight, the Professor exclaimed:

“It is your great sorrow, my child, that has lowered

your voice to contralto. In my own country I knew an instance of that. You may overcome it." Meantime, though, another way was opening, the predestined way, wherein not only voice but every other power accorded to me was called into play. He who forecasts the lines wherein our steps are to fall stands also dispenser at the fount of gifts, and apportions to each and every one, I believe, according as the day of his need may be. If we could stand at His elbow, though, each one would no doubt presume to suggest this or that or the other as better for himself. At least I once persuaded myself that oratory should not have been omitted from the gifts accorded to me, and straightway committed such an offense against the proprieties as to lecture—if, indeed, the delivery of a poetic oration could be called lecturing. Kame says no motive is single, and my reasons for such a step were as varied or "mixed" as any motive could possibly be. Paramount to all others, though, I thought I saw in it a milder, easier way of smiting the heart-rocks along the remainder of my wilderness way. Besides, it was at a time when every person of any literary attainment whatever seemed turning his or her attention to the rostrum as the one direct means of making talent serve its possessor; and chancing to hear an author say that a discourse of a month's labor had resulted in more to him pecuniarily than all the works he had published, I began to reason with myself that an audience of many persons should be no more formidable to me than an audience of one; and the lecture was given first at Steinway Hall, New York. I won columns of praise in different places, was called "a lady Cicero," even. Then scores of invitations followed, but mostly in churches or for churches, burned or in debt—one from a society of ladies in

Schenectady, of which Mrs. Dr. Nott was president. The proceeds of the lecture were to go for a benevolent purpose, which made the interest in it so general that the churches with their ministers, the college, the professor, president and all helped to compose the audience. Dr. Darling made the presentation, and was thought to have written the review for the paper that closed with:

“There was a beauty of expression, a power of discrimination, and a reach of fancy in this lecture as it wandered through the peopled regions of imagination, that was as wonderful to us as any curiosity we have seen in many a day. The force of the most delicately conceived analysis of the inner workings of the mind and heart, traced with a precision and skill equal to that of him who follows closely the thin courses of life with the keen edge of the surgeon’s knife, was seen in every part of her wonderful discourse.”

The next day the president of the college, Dr. Nott Potter, gave a dinner at his house in honor of Dr. Clark, of Albany, after his Prayer Day sermon for the college, to which many of the clergymen of the city were invited. Mrs. Dr. Nott, grandmother of the president, was invited to preside in place of Mrs. Potter, who was absent; and being Mrs. Nott’s guest the invitation included me also. Dr. Clark of course occupied the seat at the president’s right, while I had the honor of sitting at his left, with a very entertaining reverend at my left, who, when “grace” had been said and the carving commenced, announced his attendance on my lecture the evening before with:

“I did not know, madam, which of the many fine points to your lecture most to admire. . . . But you would only have to clip the lines a little to the

Eden part to make of it a rare hexameter"—whereupon the president remarked to Dr. Clark:

"The lecture, Doctor, was altogether a very ingenious piece of woman's theology."

But, after all, the veiled eyes stood in the way. Lecturing Bureaux were afraid to put a blind lady's name on their list lest she might not *draw*—at least that is what one of them wrote to the friend who would fain pass all his engagements that season over to me. Still I persevered until, faced far West, a heavy snowstorm compelled me to leave a piece of my baggage security to Board for myself and companion, after which the persuasion came easily that lecturing had never been "cast up" as "an highway" to fortune for me, and accordingly I fell into the line of march again with the little books, my foreshadowed way, and, therefore, the way over which the promise of guidance Divine seems ever closest bent.

* * * *

To

*Mrs. E. A. Adams,
San Francisco, Cal.*

CHAPTER XXV.

WAITING.

San Francisco, Cal., June, 1885.

DEAR watcher upon the tower of my night, can you believe that like Boaz of old, Father Time has said once again to the reapers: "Let fall now a sheaf in the way of yonder gleaner whose head has whitened through forty years of waiting, waiting—a sheaf of prophecy merely, a little one foretelling the rich harvest that ere long she is to gather." All up and down this Pacific coast, or literally "on the side of the world toward me," not a vestige of "the dark green stuff" or the green-back currency is to be seen. In a bank to-day asking for a piece of it in exchange for silver:

"We do not handle it, madam!" was the curt reply. Then it flashed upon me that from the Missouri to the Pacific hardly a scrap of it had been taken in return for the little books—everywhere gold, silver or the new silver certificate.

When the darkness of the third scene had fallen in sable curtains down around my life, I read from it the sure following of all that had been panoramaed to my spirit eyes in those fleeting seconds; and now when benignant Fate stands recording the æons of waiting between the coming and the disappearance of the "dark green stuff" so nearly passed, how easy to see that ere long the banks all over the land will be saying:

"We do not handle it, madam!"

Does that look any more impossible to you now than looked the "golden specks" or tiny gold dollars the day of the *vision*, five years before they were thought of? Any more impossible than their sudden disappearance; any more impossible than the coming of the "dark green stuff" in their stead, that only our Civil War thrust upon the world; any more impossible its disappearance than would have looked its issue a quarter of a century ago? The absence of the "dark green stuff" here on the side of the world where I chance to be, marks the approach of its utter disappearance so plainly that a handwriting upon the wall could scarcely make it plainer.

No imagination, though, may be winged enough to foresee or in the least forestall the putting out of God's hand; yet somewhere within the confines of His eternal providence the two remaining scenes lie hidden. The experience that there has never seemed any name for but a *vision* was a veritable unfolding of the future to the eyes of my soul, while all consciousness of the outer world was held as in the abeyance of death. Whatever then was panoramaed to my gaze within the scope of its duration could have been trailed only by the hand of One who knoweth to still the senses of the body, while the soul, for a second free, overlooks the sombered ages of its own destiny, noting the while each varying scene, each shadowy footprint as landmarks to memory when in aftertime they come to be retraced in stern reality. How then eliminate any one scene and write over it *Impossible*, when eight that were trailed within the same scope have been already translated into real life? No, I will believe, I must believe that somewhere or somehow before the sunset of my life has

fallen too low I shall not only stand with those golden leaves or squares folded in my arms, but behold the dawn that overwhelmed my soul in the *vision* breaking again its beams upon these eyes of mine, so weary in their waiting and so heavy in their longing for the day.

* * * *

To

*Mrs. Mary Weld,
Rockford, Illinois.*

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN AFTER-PIECE.

Chicago, Ills., March, 1886.

LISTENING to your favor of the 6th, I could think of nothing but an angel of prophecy standing with the balance of the past and the future in her hand, propounding this solemn inquiry to me:

"Are you going to wait for the last scene of your vision to cross your path before your precious book will see the light? Certainly enough has been fulfilled to constitute it one of the most wonderful of all God's providential dealings with a human being. Do you know the facts alone would make it a *missioner*, as your church people call now all who have a mission to the world? Don't forget that it is to be called 'The Foreshadowed Life'—that it is and nothing else."

Only through the horoscope of love, dear, dear Mrs. Nott, could your sweet eyes have discerned in the silent slipping away of the "greenbacks" the certain end of one more scene in that strange foreshadowing I first recounted to you there by the Bay in that dear long, long ago. Since your experience with the good Doctor's "memoirs" I need not tell you that some leaves to a manuscript must needs be gold lined, else a publisher will be slow to entertain it, especially one so large as my "Foreshadowed Way" has grown to be; and it is not the closing scene that I wait for now before bring-

ing it out, but the next to the last, the scene of the shining squares that you remember I had folded in my arms when I walked away from the dark old presence, saying to myself: "Why, this is wealth!" But do not say:

"I hope to live to read it, but I am afraid you will not let me." The years have been many, and it is not surprising that you should be sometimes in doubt as to whether your steps are falling without or within the veil; but, dear Mrs. Nott, if only for the sake of one who has so long turned to the little city of your house for love and light, do you hearken less to the angels when they call, turn your sweet face away, nor watch their white hands when they beckon; and above all, do not linger too long over those ancient papers, lest their dust choke the river between to a fording, and their beloved author come to entice you away.

Has the last one, then, of all those who were on the hill when you came to it in '42, folded down his tent and gone? Five of my classmates at Lima entered the college that autumn, and if I coveted the "shew bread" they were to gather from its altars, I envied them not less the times they would meet the distinguished bride of the president, whose beauty and rare attainments had been extolled until, to the aspirant I then was, it seemed worth a journey to Schenectady if only once to look on her radiance, and in that one glance of contrast gain answer to the query: "What lack I yet?"

Heaven borrows oftenest of those who live nearest, and do I wonder that dear Mrs. Nott has come at last to find a feeling of loneliness creeping over her? No, no, I wonder not, but am pleased rather to hear her express it, to hear her complain a little—it makes her seem so more human, and ever so little more like me,

with nothing left but the old home among the elms, whose windows had been gladdened by the light of seven weddings when the golden wedding came; since, the crêpe of two funerals has sombered its doors, and the old place is standing empty and alone.

The question as to the result of my long journey West brings me in part to bear witness against myself, so little was gained thereby. From New York to San Francisco with the little books, and not a corner even of that pretty mortgage of mine lifted, all the way one place so nearly consuming the other. And now to have the old fields over again I must needs have a new book; and of my two small ones I have chosen *Mortara*, a name your lips first pronounced to me, now almost forty years agone.

That most benign of critics, Dr. J. G. Holland, said:

"If you have other things that you can publish and leave *Mortara* until you are dead and gone, it would make a splendid after-piece." Although "gone," verily "gone," I am not "dead," and the little book is fast going into type. If not a *missioner*, as you say, it goes to fill a need; and who knows but the ninth scene of the *vision* lies folded within its leaves? Let it go forth then, even as it was lived, every line lengthened with the footprints of my wanderings, and every word pulsing with a heart-beat of mine own.

* * * *

To

Mrs. Dr. Nott,

Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE NINTH SCENE.

Greensburg, Pa., October, 1900.

Do humans gravitate to places as they do to one another? After thirty-eight years, without planning, without seeking, without a thought nearly, I find myself again in Greensburg—might say the winds blew my barque this way. Arriving, I looked boarding-places until the sun threatened to leave the sky; then no alternative, must take to an hotel—one too awfully expensive, one little “eyes” did not like the entrance; only one left—came to it, terms acceptable, shown to my room, and found myself within five feet of the room I had here thirty-eight years ago—the little room wherein the discovery of the “dark green stuff” of the *vision* was made—the seventh scene fulfilled, whereby I knew that God had neither forgotten nor forsaken, and the end with the light, the light would come yet.

Not long after, I went to visit my friend, Mrs. Dr. Nott, at Schenectady, to whom I had told the *vision* at the Long Island Water Cure, in the summer of 1848, since when she had watched three scenes of it transpire or “come to pass,” as she expressed it in her Bible way. You and I were in the library where hung the portrait of the fifty-year president of the college, and were noting the elevations on his venerable head, thereby accounting for the title the world had given him, “the

old man eloquent," when your grandmother entered, exclaiming:

"Oh! now you must tell Willie the story of that *vision*, one more scene of which has just been fulfilled by this greenback currency the war has brought about." Ah! how well I remember your cordial assent to the lending of your ears, and I gauge therefrom your interest now while I rehearse to you the fulfillment of all that was foreshadowed.

It was near the close of my last term at school, when one day a bell struck that called me to class; and giving the slate I had been using a little shove back on the table and seizing my book, I started to rise. There all consciousness ceased, while within the twinkling of three or five seconds a long sombered life was trailed before my spirit eyes. First, I stood looking on myself apart from myself and in snow white. Then right over beyond, as it seemed, I saw myself in deep black, standing with a group of others also in black, sens'd the great heat blazing down upon them, and noticed that water was near. Then as by a turn of thought I was conscious of having become that other self in black, standing alone, when suddenly thick darkness gathered upon the world.

The phenomenon, vision or whatever it was, occurred in the summer of 1843, and in the summer of 1845, just two years later, a moon rose upon the sky that was to watch those first three scenes change from shadow to the sternest reality. The scene in white proved to be my marriage by the death-bed of my betrothed; the one in black his obsequies by the shore of Ontario, with a July sun blazing down, and the Lake waters rolling up almost to the feet of the dead; and then while I stood and mourned, and ere yet that fated

moon had fully waned, a night settled down around my life, whose blackness swallowed up the sun, the moon and the stars.

I did not die; I did not pray to die, but lay there like one slain of great heart wounds, slain and yet alive. Days passed, long night-days, days so dark that only God had light to count them by. Then a morning came when slowly and very tentatively I began to feel my way out into the world; and before the first step was taken, the soul in me reeled and I settled back, groaning the great groan of soul that reaches heaven. Did I hear it, or does an utterance from out the *unseen* so fall upon our inner being as to touch all our senses and we call it feeling? Say then I more felt than heard the whisper: "I will guide thee with mine eye." Not knowing that I had ever heard or seen the words before, I seized upon their promise of an heavenly guidance as addressed expressly to me, and from Him who had not only foreshadowed my lot, but had set my feet to treading down its darkened way. Over and over I repeated the words: "I will guide thee with mine eye," each repetition seeming to bring me nearer to the Divine and nearer to the smile that was to be as a lamp to my feet. Then with the gladness of great tears, one by one I lifted the precious words and bound them about my heart. Around and around I wound them, until braced and healed by them I stood up, and with bowed head making no murmur, faced toward the next scene—the being borne or carried along through the darkness, which materialized in my journey from Rochester to the New York Blind Institute for a lapse of three years—just long enough, you see, for writing the little book that was to be the "open sesame" to the remaining scenes of the *vision*, beginning with the one as impossi-

ble to words as to lift shadows from water, the scene wherein the darkness itself began to loom up before me with an overawing presence that, while it filled me with fear, drew me steadily nearer and nearer to it until I discovered its surface specked all over with tiny circles of gold.

As I say, the little book was written, but the publisher who would not undertake it without being first secured for half of the first edition or the sale of a thousand copies had a part to play in the fulfillment of that unimaginable scene by driving me to the necessity of seeking a thousand subscribers for the little book in the great, overawing city of New York, just after the Government issue of gold dollars in 1849. In the *vision*, picking those golden specks out with one hand and dropping them into the other, when the palm was nearly full I discovered them to be money, and said to myself: "Ah! I can make these do all that I should do for the dear ones in that cottage home, and"—go and marry the tall doctor whom I loved, I was going to say; but instead my thought turned to pick out another of the little gold pieces, and when I went to drop it into the hand, lo! all the others were gone as though what I had been thinking to do with them had spirited them away. Do you see?—I was *going* to say "marry the tall doctor," but I did not finish the words. He who was trailing the *vision* before my spirit eyes could read the future, and knew that when I should come to literally pick those gold dollars out of the dark old world around me and use them for the dear ones, the tall doctor would be in his grave and I left to gather those tiny circles and watch them disappear from my hand almost faster than I could gather them, exactly as was foreshadowed.

What in the *vision* I could find no name for but *moving on*, or *going*, has materialized in over a half century of wanderings with the little books—wanderings that if put in line would more than circumvent the globe. Indeed, between the two gulfs at the head and foot of the continent, as between the two oceans that border it, there is hardly a town large enough to have a mayor along whose ways my shadow has not fallen, while over it all has hung so closely bent the promise: “I will guide thee with mine eye,” that never the jostle of a footfall nor the straying of a step.

After fourteen years of the wanderings the war banished the little gold dollars and introduced in their stead the “dark green stuff” that in yonder chamber, thirty-eight years ago, I discovered to be the seventh scene of the *vision* fulfilled. And now look at it, my friend—right on the eve of another scene, the ninth, I am here again. The greenback currency long since disappeared, the eighth scene; the greenback itself is withdrawn to a flattened mound off at the left just as it was in the *vision*, while right over behind the place where the stack of the “dark green stuff” has been, is shining out the long line of “golden squares” standing on their edges in the form of gold certificates. What are they, think you, but the long, self-lengthening line of golden squares or leaves of the *vision*, up toward whose right-hand end a few grew loose and came out to me? How few they seemed compared to the long line that remained! When that feature transpires, as it surely will, I shall turn directly away from the dark old presence, and after a little say to myself in real life as I did in the foreshadowing one:

“Why! this is wealth. I can go now and have whatever I wish.” At that point in the *vision* for the first

time I heard voices, one seeming to dictate a little as to what I should do with the golden leaves or “squares” that had come to be mine. Then the hurrying down to a crossing on something that rocked under my feet, and the little farther on when I turned to look back and saw that the long, dark way had been all a climbing way. Then turning as if to go on, right from my feet spread out a sea of distance overhung by a sky of night. While I looked, above the horizon came a little break that I thought foaming waters, and as I watched them rolling toward me in eddies growing larger and larger, I thought of the knowingness in them, saw that they were coming straight to me; but not until they broke over me in great waves did I realize that it was the light.

That turning to look back is so like the retrospective many have reported at the approach of death, that peradventure the closing scene of the *vision* lapsed itself to within the boundary of the *unseen*, and the day is no more to dawn for me here. It came, though, within the same scope of all the others. Besides, it does not seem possible that a soul freed from the body and drifting away to the “other side” could mistake the first touch of its dawn for foaming water, as you see I did the first break in the great dome of night. More still, the gladness of that moment was of too finite a consciousness to be realized upon any other than a material plane; and now that the “greenback” is literally withdrawn and the long self-lengthening line of the “golden squares” shining out, I know that He whose hand has covered mine with its gentle guidance through nine of those ten foreshadowed scenes will neither fail to unburden the life with the “squares” that grew loose and came out to me, nor forget to brighten its close with

a break in these clouds, lest bearing away with me only memories of gloom, I sober even the steps of the angels sent to guide me away.

The manner of its coming too was so like being restored to sight by treatment—first a little break, coming toward me in eddies as it did, now almost out of sight, and then larger and larger growing. Science holds in her hands many secrets, and one may be in reserve just for that closing scene of the *vision*. But be that break in the clouds on “this side” or on “the other,” the joy of it to my long-imprisoned soul will be enough to ring a new chord upon every harp in heaven, if indeed the heavenly arches themselves do not ring with the gladness of my soul’s cry: “Oh! the light, the light!”

* * * *

To the

Hon. W. A. Potter,
New York.

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